WAR:

AN

HEROIC POEM.

(Price Three Shillings few'd.)

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HEROIC POEM.

FROM THE

Taking of Minorca by the French,

TO THE

Raiſing of the Siege of Quebec, by General Murray.

By GEORGE COCKINGS.

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THE

PREFACE.

READERS, of whatever rank, or denomination, if ye ſhou'd receive any pleaſure from, and approve the following lines, as to their general deſign, it is the ſummit of my ambition. I am no writer by profeſſion, but at my leiſure hours, wrote the ſiege of Louiſbourg, in the winter of 1758: to amuſe myſelf, and friends; and had no thoughts of printing it. But in the great and ever memorable year of fifty-nine, ſo repeated, and rapid, were our conqueſts, both by ſea and land, in Europe, Africa, and America; ſo often came news of our ſucceſſes from every part, (like gunpowder when

touch'd by the match,) my fancy took fire! the rapt'rous joy grew too great to be contain'd within bounds! and I thought among the reſt, I wou'd add my ſhare of applauſe, and ſtrive to regiſter in the book of fame, the heroic actions perform'd by our troops and tars. I therefore aſſum'd my pen, and compleated the following poem: and being at length perſuaded by ſome gentlemen, (to whom I repeated it,) I have ventur'd it in the preſs, and ſubmit it to the public cenſure, from which there is no appeal; and I hope they will look favourably on it, and not chill the ardour of my genius, by a ſevere criticiſm; this being the firſt eſſay I ever dar'd offer to the public inſpection. Many faults, doubtleſs, may be found in the poem; for I, perhaps, (like a tender mother, fond of her own offspring,) view it with partial prejudice; and as ſhe can ſee fire, in a dull, languid eye, beauty, in a ruſtic freckled face, and ſymetry even in diſtorted limbs; I fondly fancy a poetic fire glides thro' every part of it; think

thoſe

thoſe lines run ſmooth, and fall with a proper cadence, which perhaps are rough and diſſonant; and tho' I ſhould fancy a juſt proportion even in all its parts; where I think it moſt compleat, to others it may ſeem the moſt deficient. For the beſt Gallic cooks, tho' they are ſo univerſally admir'd, cou'd never yet, ſend a diſh to table, ſo elegantly compos'd, as to pleaſe the palate of every feeder. How then can I, unnotic'd and unknown, without a patron, and unacquainted in this part of England, and without the additional weight of years on my ſide: I ſay, (all theſe circumſtances conſider'd,) how can I expect to give a general ſatisfaction, to the warriors, the wits, the ſcholars, and the men of ſenſe; and to every other claſs of readers, whoſe ſentiments, doubtleſs, will not run concordant with my own. But I have done all I can to give ſatisfaction, and rouze a ſpirit of emulation in every reader. And if on the peruſal, any gentleman, that ſhall find I have made any material omiſſions, will be ſo good as to leave

me a notice of it at Mr. John Cook's, book-ſeller, behind the Chapter-Houſe, St. Paul's Church-yard, and directed for me: if ever I ſhou'd be favour'd by the public approbation ſo far, as to print a ſecond impreſſion, he may depend it ſhall be inſerted, ſ ou'd the hint be ſuitable to the deſign of my poem. But if it is a hint dictated by a party ſpirit, he may ſave himſelf the trouble, and depend it ſhall never be inſerted. For my intention is not to calumniate any man, nor even to write a true narration of what any particular perſons may have done amiſs, thro' cowardice, inadvertency, inexperience, incautious confidence in others promiſes, pride, or the like. Neither do I meddle with the intereſt of the two oppoſing parties, in Great Britain and Ireland. But my ſole deſign is this; (fir'd by a love of my country! and a generous eſteem for all who have fought, bled, or dy'd for my country's cauſe!) to exert my utmoſt efforts, to inroll in the liſt of fame their names; to call them forth in the faireſt point of view; and dreſs their amazing actions!

tions! in all the elegance of harmonious numbers, and poetic truth! to warm the heart of him that fought and lives! to give a juſt, deſerv'd encomium, on the worthy warring dead! and inſpire with heroic ſentiments the ſoul of every youth which reads, and hath not yet been reaping the honourable harveſt of martial glory!

He who governs his people with Regal Lenity, and Paternal fondneſs: Thoſe who hazard their Royal Perſons in battle for their country's welfare: the Miniſters, and Patriots, that nobly plan Her warlike ſchemes; who firmly ſtem the tide of oppoſition, which wou'd break down, and over-run the bounds of her happy conſtitution; with all thoſe who draw the ſword in Britannia's quarrel, whether Engliſhmen, Caledonians, or Hibernians, and carry their patriot ſchemes, dreadfully, into a waſting execution! All ſuch as theſe demand duty, allegiance, and a generous acknowledgment of every heart, ſenſibly touch'd with a due ſenſe of their Kingly care! ſucceſsful plans! and heroic performances!

ances! and ſuch a King, ſuch Princes, Patriots, and Miniſters, has England got. And ſuch warriors we have, in the Royal Navy, and Army of Great Britain, that common ſenſe, and gratitude, bid us revere them! and ſpeak of their great merits in the moſt exalted ſtrain! and ſo long as I write, I ſhall always beſtow my encomiums on thoſe, who plan my country's good, preſerve peace, and amity, ſo much as poſſible in the land; fight her battles, and pour deſtruction on her inveterate foes. Theſe I ſay, ſhall employ my tongue, to ſing their fame, and give them due honours, of what country or party ſoever: for he that does the nation good, deſerves a grateful acknowledgment of the ſame.

I have, as well as I can, thro' the whole poem, preſerv'd a continu'd narration of the events, as they happen'd; yet I cou'd not avoid interjecting ſome things, where they ſcarce ſeem'd to claim a place: but as I thought they ſcarce deſerv'd diſcuſſion by themſelves, I did it to avoid a fruitleſs repetition of ſieges, ſurrenders, attacks and ſkirmiſhes, and to keep the

the poem from ſwelling to too great a bulk. I mean thoſe places in Africa, the Indies, &c. placing the time of their reduction, moſtly at the time when the armaments ſailed from hence, deſtin'd againſt them; tho' in reality, they fell long after, beneath the heavy battle of thoſe tars, and troops, which ſailed thither, arm'd with angry Britain's vengeance! For it was in leſs compaſs than three years, the plans were form'd, and carried into execution, againſt Louiſbourg, the Continent, and Quebec: againſt Maloes, Cherburg, and the Gallic fleets; and all the other expeditions againſt our enemies in Africa, &c. So that I ſcarce knew how to digeſt the whole into a regular narration, and not vary in a point, as to the time of the events; and therefore I thought proper to throw in together the attacks and reductions of Guadaloup, Senegal, Granada, St. Martin's, Marigalante, Surat, Chandernagore, Calcutta, and the Nabob twice defeated; under the command of Watſon, Pocock, Moore, Clive, Draper, Marſh, Keppel, Maſon, Barrington, Sayer, &c. &c. &c. Theſe I therefore reckon'd up in the firſt of the poem, when I mention'd

tion'd Great Britain rouſing to battle; Her armament for war, and pouring Her victorious troops round about on every ſide; ſince it was near about the ſame time they ſail'd from England; and I hope as I have mention'd ſuch events happen'd, and under ſuch Commanders, it will paſs without undergoing a ſevere criticiſm. Whilſt General Wolfe, Admiral Saunders, &c. are beleaguering, and attacking Quebec; I have likewiſe mention'd by way of epiſode, what General Amherſt, General Johnſon, &c. &c. &c. atchiev'd on the Continent; tho' perhaps, ſome of it was done long before: but I ſcarce knew a place, in which I cou'd inſert it more conveniently; and I hope the learned Chronologer will let me eſcape, without paſſing too harſh a cenſure on that paſſage. And if I ſhou'd have tranſgreſs'd the rules of narration, in a ſeries of ſuch great events, or deviated from the moſt exact niceties, which ſome people may imagine a work of this nature requires, I hope the generality of my readers, of candour, ſenſe, and learning, will put a favourable con-

conſtruction on it, and conſider I am but young, am no more than man; and therefore very liable to great errors; and what a vaſt undertaking, for a youth's firſt eſſay I have now in hand.

I don't pretend to be a firſt rate poet; perhaps may never deſerve the title of a poet. But I am conſcious of my writing truth without flattery; unadorn'd with poetic fiction, (which like a nauſeous daubing on a beautiful face, hides the ſweet attractive ſmiles, and native ſimplicity of the features:) and I deſign'd the poem for the honour of my King and Country. And if my circumſtances wou'd have permitted that waſte of time, and paying for paper, and the preſs, without any thing for it, it wou'd have been printed long ſince; for I have delay'd it ſome time, on account of getting ſubſcribers; and have been favour'd with the approbation and ſubſcription of ſome hundreds. I wiſh I cou'd keep pace in ſmooth lines, and a nervous diction, with all the heroic actions perform'd by

by the matchleſs warriors of the three nations; whoſe circumſpection in looking out for our enemies, and conduct and undaunted bravery in the day of battle, no pen can flatter. But this is a thing only to be wiſh'd, and not to be perform'd by the moſt arduous application of the great admirer of their deeds.

GEORGE COCKINGS.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHILST others (in heroic, lofty verſe)
Great Fred'rick's name and Fred'rick's praiſe rehearſe,
Mine be the taſk the Engliſh war to ſing,
Great Britain's heroes, and Great Britain's king.
By arms and battles glorioufly inſpir'd,
(Replete with joy, with rapt'rous ardour fir'd)
I trace grim death, and our triumphant bands,
Thro' Indian, African, and Gallic lands;
Where Engliſhmen, at martial glory's call,
Throng to the war, and ſcourge the plotting Gaul!
There Caledonians, (dreadful in their arms!)
Ruſh fearleſs on, 'midſt battle's loud alarms:
Thro' ranks of bay'nets, pikes, and hoſtile flame,
They hew the glorious path, to deathleſs fame!
Hibernians brave! with emulating glow!
Charge, pierce, repel, and chaſe the vanquiſh'd foe!

O'er ocean's ſpace, my fancy wings its way;
Where GEORGE, the ſecond, rules with ſov'reign ſway:
Thro' Neptune's realm, purſues our dauntleſs tars,
'Midſt bluſt'ring ſtorms, and dreadful naval wars!
The genius of the nation, rous'd once more,
With vengeful thunder arm'd, they ſhake the Gallic ſhore!
GEORGE, WILLIAM, EDWARD, ſwell the lofty ſtrain;
GEORGE, who commands upon the azure main.
Like theſe, the lordly lions ſpeed their way;
The ſire firſt roars, then ſends his cubs to prey.
Next theſe ſtands rank'd the ſkillful Ligonier!
In battle brave! and to his ſov'reign dear!
At Dettingen, (like Hector in the field,)
Hibernia's boaſt; Britannia's faithful ſhield!
Fierce in aſſault! (when young) matur'd w'th age,
A hoary hero! and a warlike ſage!
Our patriots names, and merits, I proclaim,
To decorate the great heroic theme!
Who ſtand unſhock'd, amidſt the glorious cauſe:
The Gallic dread! the props of Britiſh laws.

Their

Their ſouls, their ſentiments, and their deſires,
Incorporate, and mix like two bright flaming fires.
Boſcawen, Amherſt, Hawke, (our Bulwark ſtrong,)
Clive, Monckton, Saunders, grace the martial ſong!
Brave Townſhend's worth I ſing! who fiercely fought!
And ſeiz'd the palm, a dying victor ſought!
There Barrington, with Murray, brightly ſhines!
Marſh, Maſon's, Sayer's names adorn the lines!
Holmes, Hardy, Watſon, Pocock, honour claim,
Who gain'd in diſtant lands immortal fame!
Baird, Howe*, Speke, Lockhart, Keppel, are inroll'd,
Rivals in fame, and naval warriors bold!
All who engag'd, where Hawke to conqueſt flew,
Are regiſter'd, with their encomiums due.
With thoſe, whoſe arms, the burniſh'd broad ſwords weild;
Macpherſon, Fraſer, Howe†, the terrors of the field!
Burton, whoſe ſoul is full of active zeal!

* Lord Howe, Capt. of his majeſty's ſhip Magnanime.

† Col. Howe, who cleared the path, and diſlodged the guards on the hill near Quebec; and when the two armies engaged covered the left flank and rear with his light infantry, from all attempts made by the French, Indians, and Canadians.

Dalling, and Ince, who fought for Britain's weal.
Each ſoldier ſignaliz'd, each daring tar!
(The light'nings! and the thunderbolts of war!)
Thro' glory's paths, I ardently purſue!
But only write, what they alone can do.
Like radiant Sol, when at meridian height,
The heroes blaze with ſelf-refulgent light.
I ſing how Wolfe, the faithleſs foe engag'd!
How, where he led, the battle fiercely rag'd!
The havoc of his war! the mould'ring walls!
Quebec's, Cape Breton's fate; the conquer'd Gauls!
His warlike deeds, no doubt, you'll all approve,
Whom vanquiſh'd foes admire! and conq'ring Britons love!
By bloody toils, he earn'd, on hoſtile ground,
That honour great; with which his mem'ry's crown'd!
In Britain's cauſe, (amid the martial ſtrife,)
He fought! he conquer'd! and reſign'd his life!
So Sampſon flung proud Dagon's temple down!
Gain'd glorious death! and conqueſt! and renown!

W A R:

A N

HEROIC POEM.

YE patriots ſage! who plann'd the deep deſigns
Of war: 'midſt which Britannia dreadful ſhines!
(On whom ſhe leans, with great exulting glow!
Where'er you point, ſhe ſtrikes the waſting blow!)
Ye mighty warriors! terrors of the world!
By whom, at land, and ſea, our thunder's hurl'd!
To you this book is ſent, with filial fear;
Craves foſt'ring ſmiles; and begs paternal care.
You, who like David's worthies, round the throne
Of mighty GEORGE, form a tremendous zone!

From

From you the tranſports flow! 'tis you inſpire!
As bluſt'ring winds to flame blow latent fire!
From you I caught the great reſiſtleſs glow!
Whilſt you dealt veng'ance on th' inſulting foe!
Whilſt you, on land, the pride of Gaul reſtrain!
Or ſweep victorious o'er the ſwelling main!
My fancy burns! tranſported with delight!
With ardour wing'd! purſues you to the fight!
So few in years, my life, (without eſteem;)
I have no patron for the glorious theme!
Oh! prop the cauſe of honour! fame! and truth!
Cheriſh the ſallies of unripen'd youth!
Since from your deeds, the growing theme muſt riſe;
Accept the tribute due, and deign to patronize.

When I at firſt poetic ardour knew,
And big with martial themes my boſom grew!
From pregnant fancy, (fir'd by warlike worth)
My riſing thoughts prepar'd to ſally forth
In years a child, in litt'rature more young;
With ſecret tranſport on the theme I hung!

I heard much talk of Dettingen's fam'd fight,
Where Lewis bow'd beneath the lion's might.
Grown more mature, (a manly age attain'd)
The ſtrong impreſſions on my mind remain'd.
I wiſh'd a day like that, to grace my pen,
When GEORGE the ſecond fought at Dettingen;
Whoſe preſence baniſh'd all deſponding dread,
And thro' the ranks an emulation ſpread:
Whilſt brave Auguſtus, from his royal Sire,
Caught the great flame, and burn'd with martial fire;
Methought I trod the glorious ſanguin'd way;
When Cumberland pierc'd thro' the French array!
Sometimes I view'd intrepid Ligonier!
Plunging thro' deaths! and void of grov'ling fear!
GEORGE ſtood like Jove amid a thunder-ſtorm;
Like bolts and light'nings theſe the Gallic ranks deform.
The triumphs and the terrors of the fight
Roſe to my view, and play'd acroſs my ſight.
Quick thro' the chaſe my flying fancy ſped,
When gens d'armes, and main corps, in pannic fled.

Headlong

Headlong they drove! afraid to ſtop for breath!
Ruſh'd thro' the Rhine, and plung'd to watry death!
Colours deſerted, 'mongſt the wounded lie;
And Gallic ſtandards wear a purple dye:
Guns, pikes, ſpontoons, in wild diſorder ſpread,
Promiſcuous lie among the num'rous dead:
Drums, horſes, chiefs, riv'd helms, and ſpouting brains!
Breaſtplates and loathſome carnage load the plains.
So the fam'd field of Dettingen appear'd,
With Gallic troops beſtrew'd, with Gallic blood beſmear'd.
Juſt as I reach'd the years to mark me man,
The preſent war to burn a-freſh began;
Deſign'd, no doubt, by ſtrong reſiſtleſs fate,
To fling proud Gallia from her high eſtate.
When Wolfe and Amherſt, with Britannia's hoſt,
Deſcended on Cape Breton's hoſtile coaſt;
Now firſt my heart conceiv'd the great deſign,
Whilſt theſe two heroes mightily combine

To ſink or burn the fleet, and raze the walls,
Of Louiſbourg, with Britain's bombs and balls.
When Maloe's fleets, in Engliſh flames expir'd;
The burning news my teeming fancy fir'd:
I trac'd prince EDWARD cloſe to Cherburg's wall,
And ſaw the pride of France before him fall:
My raptur'd boſom, big with pleaſure grew;
When Boſcawen oppos'd, and beat De Clue.
Who ſhrank, o'erpow'r'd from his impetuous fire,
And left his Ocean* in the flames t'expire;
But oh! who can the wond'rous glow diſcloſe,
When Hawke (by tars eſteemed) beat Britain's foes?
Whilſt he with rapid flight to conqueſt flew,
Conflans transfix'd, devoid of courage grew;
He led the van, the rear, and center run;
And England's fire devour'd the Royal Sun†!
As in his ſoul, who claſps the yielding fair,
The mighty tranſports rol' beyond compare,
My joys ruſh'd in like a tumultous flood;
The pond'rous pleaſure trill'd along my blood:

* Monſ. De Clue commanded the ſhip Ocean.
† Le Soleil Royal. The ſhip Monſ. Conflans commanded. In Engliſh the Royal Sun.

When

When certain news arriv'd to glad our land,
(Which ſhall unparallel'd for ages ſtand)
Our troops had giv'n the num'rous Gauls a check,
And Townſhend had poſſeſſion of Quebec;
Like rocks, amid the fight, our warriors ſtood;
Death conquer'd Wolfe! but Wolfe Quebec ſubdu'd:
All theſe events, and more, my breaſt inſpir'd;
By warmth unknown before my ſoul was fir'd:
To ſing th' exploits Britannia's ſons have done,
What wonders they've perform'd, what mighty battles won:
Can I, whilſt they victorious onward roll,
In nervous thund'ring diction trace the whole?
Who can the wond'rous worthy taſk perform?
Speak as they fight, or write as when they ſtorm?
The taſk, the toils of Hercules exceeds;
Phæton as well might drive Apollo's ſteeds:
Now for old Homer's flight, and Homer's fire;
Come Homer's ſoul, and all my ſoul inſpire:
Thy ſtrong conceptions with my fancy blend,
Like thine, the taſk is war! like thine the theme muſt end!

Oh!

Oh! might a portion now of Whitehead's ſkill!
Or Maſon's fire, my glowing boſom fill:
Might Johnſon's genius in my ſoul preſide,
Direct, ſuggeſt, and my invention guide:
The ſlacken'd reins to fancy's flight I'd give,
And in immortal lines each hero's name ſhould live!
But fate denies what reaſon bids me aſk;
Youth immatur'd, muſt grapple with the taſk:
A pond'rous taſk, but 'tis a glorious aim;
My fancy's fir'd amid the warlike theme.
And as the clangor of the trumpet's ſound
Makes the fierce horſe with fury paw the ground;
A gen'rous ardour trills along his veins;
To glory's goal he ſcours the ſanguin'd plains:
So I, well pleas'd, fair honour's call obey,
Sing Britain's triumph, and the Gaul's diſmay.
Of Providence and Britain's happy ſtate,
By heav'n preſerv'd from black impending fate;
This be my theme, this be my ſweet employ;
To ſing the ſtrain with great enrapt'ring joy.
Clio! Urania! guide me thro' the whole;
And with cœleſtial ardours fill my ſoul:

In nervous diction, teach my tongue to ſing,
Great GEORGE, victorious, Britain's much lov'd King.
To tell how EDWARD, BRUNSWICK's grandſon, fought;
And Howe, and Marlb'rough, Britain's vengeance brought
Round Maloe's walls, mute guns, and troops in fright;
Whilſt fleets aſcend in air, 'midſt blazing night!
Set Wolfe, Hawke, Amherſt, Boſcawen, to view;
Speak all their worth, and give them honour due:
With Schomberg, Rogers, Johnſon, greatly fam'd,
Let Monckton, Townſhend, Keppel, Clive, be nam'd.
To Indian climes conduct my fancy far,
To trace the ſons of Scotland through the war;
Diſplay the proweſs of that martial race;
And in true light their matchleſs valour place.
Bring ev'ry Britiſh hero on the ſtage,
By patriot ardour fir'd, and manly rage,
Who dar'd in Britain's cauſe againſt the foe t'engage,

Rouze

Rouze me to trace 'em thro' each fierce alarm!
With martial ſentiments, my boſom warm!
Teach me to ſing, their dread voracious frowns,
In flaming death! thro' Gallic troops, and towns!
Oh! give me ardour! ſuch as well may fit
The fortitude, and eloquence of Pitt,
His name, a place, moſt worthily may claim,
To aggrandize the pleaſing warlike theme;
That Pitt! which Gallic lines cou'd never ſound!
Greatly capacious! wond'rouſly profound!
Where Lewis, and his politicks are drown'd!
There all his treaſures of the torrid Zone,
With northern furs, forts, ſettlements, are thrown!
There ſunk Quebec, to grand deſtruction down!
A vaſt exulting glow, my boſom warms!
For heav'n, propitious, proſpers Britain's arms!
And mighty Fred'rick's name, the quadrate league alarms!
George fills the throne, and governs well theſe lands;
Next him, with manly ſoul, great Pitt commands;
And on a Legge well fix'd, moſt firmly ſtands!

So many, giant-like, of late have roſe,
And dealt with patriot zeal, 'gainſt Gaul their blows!
Have acted like the hand of mighty fate,
To prop the throne, and ſave the Britiſh ſtate!
As ſtands the man, o'erwhelm'd with dazzling light,
The oculiſt hath juſt reſtor'd to ſight:
Around he looks, abſorp'd in dear amaze!
And new born bliſs, midſt bright Apollo's blaze!
With glorious tranſports! wonders he ſurveys,
His Maker's Hand, Omnipotent, diſplays!
So view I Royal GEORGE, with conqueſt crown'd,
Whilſt throngs of heroes brave! his throne ſurround,
In pleaſing joy! and grand reflection drown'd!
Homer, his great Achilles much extoll'd,
And in the liſt of fame, a few inroll'd;
Expreſs'd a grand luxuriance of thought,
When he each hero into action brought;
And with heroic ſkill, the great narration wrought.
But had he liv'd in GEORGE the Second's days,
A deathleſs monument of fame to raiſe
For ev'ry hero we in Britain find,
The taſk would grow too great for Homer's mind.

All

All, cannot with diſtinguiſh'd merit ſhine,
Cohorts muſt throng, in one great pleaſing line;
And fleets, in compaſs of a ſingle page,
Attack, repel, and quell the hoſtile rage.

WHEN firſt th' unwelcome news to us was known,
The Gallic thunder fell on Portmahon;
As mourns the mother (fond,) her offspring's cries,
Who craves her aid, from threat'ning danger flies,
Maternal doubts, and ardent wiſhes riſe.
So mourn'd each Briton true, Minorca's fate,
Approaching near, and imminently great!
At length, the thund'ring news reach'd Britain's coaſt,
Our ſquadron fled, and Portmahon was loſt!
Reports came thick, the French prepar'd to land,
And ravage England, with a mighty hand;
Their threat'ning troops, to fancy ſtrong appear'd,
And ſighs, and pray'rs, and ſad portents were heard!

Gallia,

Gallia, with conqueſt fluſh'd! pronounc'd our doom,
And England ſeem'd involv'd in horrid gloom!
(As children with a bugbear tale are ſcar'd,
So we, of fleets, and troops, affrighted heard!)
E'en like the ſun, forth burſting from a cloud,
(With lightning ſtor'd, and ſtormy tempeſt loud;)
To glad the traveller in lonely ways,
And ſhed around, his ſweet all-cheering blaze,
Now Pitt aroſe, to glad our mournful iſle,
Diſpell'd the gloom, and made Britannia ſmile!
The ſcandal of the nation ſoon was raz'd,
Th' inſulting foe retir'd, transfix'd! amaz'd!
Before his eloquence, black perfidy was chas'd!
He plann'd the war! and practis'd martial ſchemes!
And waken'd Lewis from his conq'ring dreams!

Now like a lion rouſing from his den,
(To meet the dogs, and animating men;)
Who ſees his cub lie ſpra vling on the ground,
Whom hungry dogs, moſt greedily ſurround:

He ſhakes his mane, and from his wrathful eyes,
Indignant fire, in dreadful glances flies!
Horrid he roars! and ſwings his mighty tail,
For grand revenge, prepares both tooth and nail:
Foaming, he views the lacerated ſpoil;
(Hunters, and dogs, and horſes, back recoil!)
So England rous'd, on fell revenge inclin'd:
'Gainſt Maloes, Cherburg, Louiſbourg deſign'd;
As if one ſoul did ev'ry Briton fire,
All ruſh to arms, and burn with wrathful ire!
Now o'er the main, our fleets aſſert our right,
Round Britain's ſtandard, with a ſtern delight,
Troops throng on troops, and wiſh the rumour'd fight!
With free-born rage, all animated ſtand,
At danger ſpurn, and dare the foe to land:
Wives, children, laws, and liberty's ſweet charms,
With threefold ardour ev'ry boſom warms!

Now Watſon, Sayer, Barrington aroſe,
Roar'd in the ſtorm! and cruſh'd Britannia's foes!

Clive,

Clive, Marſh, and Maſon, Draper, Keppel, Moore,
To Africa, and India, veng'ance bore;
Theſe, with more brave commanders thither ſail'd,
With mighty hand, againſt our foes prevail'd.
Like hurricanes, and earthquakes, forc'd their way,
Made nations bend, and own great GEORGE's ſway!
Reliev'd Madraſs, repair'd its batter'd wall;
Triumphant ſeiz'd on ſwarthy Senegal!
Their cannon ſhook devoted hoſtile ground,
And ſcatter'd deaths, 'mongſt faithleſs tribes around!
They ſtood transfix'd! their vital blood ran cold!
Whilſt England's ſtorms, o'er towns, and ramparts roll'd!
Houſes, and walls, from their foundations ſtray'd,
And pil'd in ſmoaking waſte, o'erwhhelm'd the blaſted dead!
Granada now, St. Martin's, Guadaloup,
Beneath Britannia's might, ſubmiſſive ſtoop!
Marigalante, Surat, Chandernagore,
Calcutta trembled, whilſt Clive's thunders roar!

*Clive! by whoſe might, Chandernagore * was raz'd,
Before whom twice, the Nabob fled * amaz'd!
Clive! whoſe impetuous war, bore down his foes!
Clive! who made Nabobs *! Nabobs * cou'd depoſe!
This adds a luſtre to great Brunſwick's throne,
His gen'ral † does, what conq'ring Rome has done.
Victorious oft! for battle greatly fam'd!
By Africans, The never * to be conquer'd nam'd!
(Tho' with more ſhips, by thouſands better mann'd,
Enough to make pale fear itſelf to ſtand;)
Thrice fled D'Ache, when dreaded Pocock came,
'Midſt Engliſh tars, and ſheets of Britiſh flame!

Now Engliſh worthies, on the continent,
Made Indian-French, and ſavages repent
Their cruel, black, infernal, ſcalping rage,
Not daring with our free-born troops t'engage;

***** Calcutta, and Chandernagore, were taken by Gen. Clive, the Nabob was twice defeated by him; and Jaffier Ali Cawn made Nabob. The people in that country, gave him a name, which in their language ſignifies The never to be conquer'd.

† The Romans would often depoſe one king, and raiſe another; General Clive depoſed the Nabob, and raiſed another to that dignity.

(They

They fought in fear, or fled in ſoul diſgrace,
As tim'rous deers, when angry lions chaſe.

Not ſatiate ſo, on ampler veng'ance bent,
Againſt Cape Breton, England's fleet is ſent.
Behold, they come! off Louiſbourg appear;
Their coming ſtrikes with an amazing fear!
Pale tremor fills French forts, and troops, and towns,
And ſcalping crews, for angry Britain frowns!
And like Briareus *, with an hundred hands,
She ſeiz'd on African, and Indian lands,
And pour'd around, her brave victorious bands!
Onward they roll'd, like an o'erwhelming flood!
And delug'd Gallic lands, in Gallic blood!

The French invaſion now, is fear'd no more,
Our troops prepar'd to tread the Gallic ſhore:
On ev'ry ſide, their angry blows they dealt,
St. Maloes firſt, their vengeful fury felt!

* A hundred handed giant, as the poets ſay.

The

(The French flat bottom'd policy repaid,
Heav'n ſent the Pruſſian Hero to their aid.)
There, before Britain's troops, by Marlb'rough led,
On friendly ground, the tim'rous Frenchmen fled;
Whilſt under covert of St. Maloe's wall,
Whole fleets of ſhips, an eaſy conqueſt fall.
Six ſcores their number, (needleſs are their names,)
A prey, to Britain's dread voracious flames!
As from on high, the tow'ring eagles ken
The ſerpent's brood, before the female's den;
Downward they ſouſe, and ſeize the ſcaly prey,
In griping talons, ſafely born away.
(They mock the mother's hiſs, with gen'rous ſcorn,
Aloft in air, the venom'd brood is born;)
So Howe, and Marlb'rough, jointly ſped their way,
And boldly ſeiz'd upon the Gallic prey!
Greatly reſolv'd, the neighb'ring forts they dare,
Whilſt hoſtile wealth evaporates in air!

AS daring Louiſbourg, our navy lay,
Stretch'd off, and on, upon the ſwelling ſea;
It pleas'd the hand of heav'n to interpoſe,
And ſend on Britain's fleet its ſtormy woes;
'Cauſe Louiſbourg, as yet, not ripe for fate,
Muſt be preſerved to a longer date.
A heavy gale, at firſt, the fleet divides,
The rolling waves, daſh'd hard againſt their ſides!
A tempeſt next, with fury uncontroul'd,
High o'er their decks, the ſurging billows roll'd!
The foaming ocean madly round 'em rag'd!
A hurricane, the Britiſh fleet engag'd!
Each ſhip was now in danger to be loſt,
The ſtorm urg'd hard, upon the hoſtile coaſt;
Still grew more ſtrong, and louder than before,
And forc'd our fleet upon the Gallic ſhore.
No longer now, they cou'd the fury brave
Of wind, and ev'ry pond'rous daſhing wave!
Towards the ſhore, in grand confuſion ride!
Born on the back of the tumultous tide.
As vapours vaniſh in the ſpacious air,
The angry winds, the ſpreading canvas tear!

Halliards,

Halliards, and ſtays give way, like burning tow!
Yards, topmaſts, blocks, a pond'rous burden grow!
With craſhing noiſe, come tumbling down below!
Wave, after wave, rolls over the quarter-deck,
Sweeps fore and aft, and threats each ſhip with wreck!
Amid the waves they plunge! again they riſe
On watry hills, and ſeem to greet the ſkies!
High o'er the windward ſide, proud billows come,
To leeward roll, in froth, and briny foam!
Each tumbling ſhip, now ſallies as ſhe glides,
And in the ocean dips her lofty ſides!
Lan-yards, main-ſhrouds, and chain-plates go to wreck,
The lower maſts, are ſhorten'd to the deck!
And from their breechings, heavy cannons break!
To ſtop the guns, hammocks are quickly flung,
And now, the heavy unſtay'd boltſprit's ſprung!
A damp, now chills the boldeſt ſeaman's ſoul,
As they drive on, and in the tempeſt roll!
The danger now, ſeems greater than before,
For juſt a-lee, behold the Gallic ſhore!

Captains,

Captains, lieutenants, boatſwains, vainly rave,
In vain, the hardy tars, the tempeſt brave;
The ſhip's impell'd by each impetuous wave!
Amid the tempeſt, human ſpeech is drown'd,
From ſtem, to ſtern, nought but confuſion's found!
Whilſt ſome, (perhaps) are floating on the ſea,
Waſh'd from the decks, or blown with yards away.
Anchors, are now the only hope that's found,
Yet oft, they furrow up the faithleſs ground.
The Tilbury, no longer can ſuſtain
The rough aſſault of the tempeſtous main:
Her cables parts, whilſt angry tempeſts roar,
And like a horſe unbridled, leaps on ſhore!
There ſoon became, a diſmal ſhatter'd wreck,
The maſſy beams, and ſolid timbers break;
Bolts, trunnels, ſtaples, knees, and all give way,
The floating ruin ſpreads the ſurging ſea!
High o'er the ſhip, the foaming tempeſt laves!
And Britiſh ſeamen ſink in wat'ry graves!
Powder, deſign'd in thunder to diſplode,
Sinks down, oppreſs'd, with an aquatic load,

Is now expended on the Gallic ſhore,
In other noiſe, than when loud cannons roar.
Indulgent Heav'n at length, the ſtorm appeas'd,
Of all their fears, the Engliſh ſquadron eas'd:
The foaming ſurges, wear a ſmoother form,
God nodded peace! and ſilent grew the ſtorm!
Half wreck'd! diſmaſted! in a diſmal ſort!
Our fleet ſoon anchor'd in a friendly port;
From whence to England, back again they plough,
And Britons mourn'd the ſtormy overthrow.

STILL, like a loaded thunder-cloud, from far,
Great Britain growl'd revenge, and flaming war!
England, ſtill ruminates, to Gallia's dread,
On veng'ance ſtern, and ruin widely ſpread!
Minorca's fall, for great repriſals cries;
She views Cape Breton with revengeful eyes!
So ſtorm'd Achilles, his Patroclus loſt,
And ey'd great Hector mid the Trojan hoſt.
He graſp'd his ſpear; he pois'd his pond'rous ſhield;
Compleatly arm'd, again, he took the field!

His

His teeth he gnaſh'd, and with a mortal frown,
Thin'd Trojan ranks, and mow'd their warriors down.
Beneath his blows, the tim'rous Dardans yield,
And godlike Hector, breathleſs loads the field!

At length, the wiſh'd-for ſpring, once more appear'd,
And Boſcawen, the Britiſh banners rear'd:
The glad'ning news, with pleaſure fill'd each mind,
Great GEORGE, a ſecond northern war deſign'd!
Engliſh, Hibernians, Scotchmen, now are ſhipt,
With all accoutrements for war equipt!
With brazen mortars, whence the bombs are flung,
And congregating fleets together throng:
The pond'rous batt'ring guns are put on board,
With barr'd, and round ſhot, ſhips are largely ſtor'd!
With bombs, tents, horſes, (fit to draw the car,)
And all the apparatus of the war;
With loads of ſooty grain, to fling the bombs from far!
Our fleets refitted, o'er the billows ride;
(The dread of France! and Britain's naval pride!

Widely

Widely they ſpread, upon the ſwelling ſea,
And thro' the weſtern ocean ſpeed their way;
The dreadful pomp, of threatning war diſplay!
Heav'n ſmil'd th' aſſent, and back they ne'er return'd,
Till batter'd Louiſbourg, in flaming ruin mourn'd!
Behold they come, with friendly ſquadrons meet,
Retard, and intercept the Gallic fleet:
Widely they ſtretch along the hoſtile coaſt,
Not long, e'er Lewis mourns this iſland loſt.
A council's call'd, where meaſures they propoſe,
Where beſt to land, where moſt annoy the foes;
Brave Boſcawen, (like Ithaca's* ſage king,)
The hinge, on whom, the grand deſign muſt ſwing,
Wiſely foreſaw, (and ponder'd in his mind,)
Unleſs our troops, unanimous combin'd,
The whole deſign, might ſoon abortive prove,
As that, where Moab†, Seir†, and Ammon† ſtrove.

* Ulyſſes, king of Ithaca, was a Grecian king, and warrrior, at the ſiege of Troy, and much renowned for his ſagacity, and ſkill in carrying on a warlike ſcheme.

††† 'Tis ſaid in ſcripture, when the children of Moab, Ammon, and Mount Seir, came againſt Iſrael, a diſſention aroſe among the troops, they drew their ſwords, attacked, and deſtroyed one another; and by that means, defeated their own deſigns againſt the coaſts of Iſrael.

Firſt diſcontent, next martial anger burn'd,
Each drew his ſword, againſt his ally turn'd;
England too oft, the like miſhap hath mourn'd!
But Boſcawen, of large and gen'rous ſoul!
So well projected, and contriv'd the whole,
That Engliſh, Scotchmen, and Hibernians bear
Of fame, and danger both, an equal ſhare.
To his ſage conduct we may chiefly owe,
The French repuls'd, with rapid overthrow!
Now all prepar'd, (the landing place in view,)
For ſev'ral days a bluſt'ring tempeſt blew:
Which for that ſpace, the bold attempt retards;
But Providence, the Britiſh frigates guards;
For tho' they rode full near the hoſtile ſhore,
And Gallic cannon, with inceſſant roar,
And tho' briſk fire from mortars was maintain'd,
Small was the loſs, or damage they ſuſtain'd!

Again, the wind, and waters, ceas'd to rage,
And now, the fleet, and troops, prepare t'engage;
Now line of battle ſhips approach the ſhore,
And nearer ſtill, the leſſer frigates roar!

Againſt th' oppoſing foes, a dreadful bar!
Whilſt tranſports quick refund the living war!
Tumult! and noiſe! and ſlaughter! quick enſu'd,
And men, and boats, are daſh'd upon the flood!
Cannons inceſſant roar, and bullets rend,
Down thro' the air, the countleſs bombs deſcend!
And ſulph'rous flames, and clouds of ſmoke ariſe,
Whilſt from French infantry, the leaden bullet flies.
Mean while, our frigates, cannons, mortars ply;
And bombs, and balls, in deadly volleys fly.
Amherſt, and Wolfe, proceed, ſerene, ſedate,
As if themſelves had turn'd the hinge of fate:
By them inſpir'd, our infantry ſoon grew
With ardour warm, and to the battle flew!
Bore all before 'em, like the ſwelling main,
The French could not their mighty charge ſuſtain!
Expanding ſheets of vapours cloud the day,
Whilſt boats to land (with ſpeed,) purſue their way.
See! ſee! the crimſon blood, brave Bailly ſtains;
The (glancing) leaden death, hath pierc'd his brains!
The manly Cuthbert's merit well is known,
Who fondly cry'd, my Bailly! dear! you're gone!

Oh!

Oh! ſad! there ſtopp'd the amicable breath!
Brave Cuthbert felt the daſhing iron death!
The fatal bullet, through his body came;
And drown'd in blood, the glowing friendly flame.
From Scottiſh warriors, tears of anger flow!
Their boſoms glow'd with pond'rous martial woe;
For Cuthbert oft, and Bailly, brav'd the foe.
Both, oft were ſeen in battles to engage;
Oft fac'd grim death, when cloath'd in Gallic rage.
Ill fated warriors! thus to fall before
Your luckleſs boat, had reach'd the deſtin'd ſhore!
Oh! that you'd liv'd to tread the hoſtile plain,
Till thouſands by your gallant Scotchmen ſlain,
Their furious blows had felt, and dropp'd around,
And you had ſcap'd without your mortal wound!
Small cauſe ſhall Frenchmen have, your deaths to boaſt,
When once your troops ſhall firmly tread their coaſt;
With angry courage fir'd, and gen'rous wrath,
They'll glut the grave, and ſatiate greedy death!

As when the thunder of the mighty Jove,
Is hurl'd from heav'n's ſtrong battlements above;

The loud artill'ry in a dreadful form,
Comes rolling on, amid a pitchy ſtorm;
The direful fragors of th' Æthereal ſtore,
Rattle aloft, with dread, terrific roar:
Lightnings, and bolts, before the growl proceed,
To ſtrike the deſtin'd mark, with rapid fury ſpeed!
So under covert of ſulphureous ſmoke,
Which from the Britiſh fleet in thunder broke;
Firſt flew the bolts, t' intimidate the Gauls,
To daſh the mud banks, or cemented walls.
Next Scotia's troops to battle ſally'd forth,
And Louiſbourg confeſs'd their northern worth;
From clouds of ſmoke they burſt like lightning's blaze,
And ſtruck th' oppoſing foe with grand amaze!
Few deaths they ſent, of iron, or of lead,
But o'er the hoſtile lines they boldly tread;
And as they march, they death and danger ſpread.
To cloſeſt fight their cohort quickly runs,
And ſcorns to battle with the diſtant guns:
They ſtrike the blow, that ſtops the hoſtile breath,
And load the foe with ſtorms of ſteely death!

See! where the ſons of Scotland force their way,
With Rangers join'd, in dreadful diſarray!
Suſtain'd by infantry, array'd in order ſtrong;
Amherſt, and Wolfe, who urg'd the landing war along:
They fire, advance, and charge, and to the battle throng.
And comet like, their broad bright ſwords appear,
Death's in their front, and terror in their rear!
As fierce Achilles, (thunderbolt of war,)
Broke Trojan ranks in his reſiſtleſs carr;
On ruſh'd his myrmidons, with faulchions rear'd,
Of troops thick throng'd, the ground was quickly clear'd.
So before, Wolfe and Amherſt, Frenchmen fled,
Their troops advancing ſtruck a mortal dread;
(The tim'rous living ſtumbled o'er the dead!)
From flank, to flank, the glitt'ring danger ſhines,
And war's dread havock, marks their ſpreading lines;
They wave their ſwords, anticipate the fight,
And ſtrong reblaze the glitt'ring rays of light:

From man to man, they catch the gen'rous glow!
A ſtupid languor ſeizes on the foe:
They ſtand transfix'd! the burniſh'd ruin dread!
Thro' Gallia's troops a pannic terror ſpread!
As when amid the gloom of darkeſt night,
The tranſient glances of Tartarean light,
Attack a lonely perſon with ſurprize!
And fancy'd fiends in millions round him riſe;
Mutely transfix'd, all reſolution ſleeps,
A chilly damp thro' all his vitals creeps;
A ſweating tremor ſhakes him to the ground,
Amid the tumult all reflection's drown'd.
So as their lines the Caledonians croſs'd,
The Frenchmen quick reſiſting ardour loſt:
No longer felt the great heroic glow,
Such as the three united nations know:
Beneath their pond'rous blows, the French troops reel,
Depreſs'd, and drown'd, 'midſt ſhow'rs of northern ſteel.
Our troops (reſolv'd,) no dangers cou'd controul,
Tho' high on ſhore, the foaming billows roll:

Tho'

Tho' thouſands there (entrench'd,) the beach com-
mand;
And guns, and mortars, throng'd the hoſtile ſtrand:
Headed by Wolfe, they plunge into the flood,
And wade to Louiſbourg thro' Gallic blood!
Where Engliſh, Scotch, and bold Hibernians ſtorm,
How ſtrong the triple union they can form!
The threefold pow'rs their gallantry diſplay,
Likepowder,ſhot, and fire,impetuous force their way!

With circumſpection now the ground's ſurvey'd,
From whence artilleries may beſt be play'd;
And heavy batt'ring guns are dragg'd around,
Advancing engineers work under ground:
Large and ſmall batt'ries, (cover'd from the ſight,)
Are plann'd, and form'd, midſt ſilence of the night.
The platforms next, with utmoſt ſpeed they form,
From whence to roll Great Britain's thunder ſtorm;
Incentive match, and bombs, are thither brought,
And magazines, with dormant thunder fraught;
Till wak'd by fire, then daſhing bolts are thrown,
To raze the walls of thick cemented ſtone:

Mortars are plac'd, from whoſe infernal wombs,
Ejecting powder ſends the murd'ring bombs.

Now every thing againſt the hour prepar'd,
The maſks are dropp'd, the Britiſh greeting's heard.
Towards the ramparts infantries advance,
Defiance thunders from the forts of France:
The loud exploſion rages more and more,
Deep throated guns, and brazen mortars roar:
In undulating air, long hangs the ſound,
And flame, and ſulph'rous vapours ſpread around.
As from Mount Etna, and Veſuvius riſe,
Thunders, and flames, whilſt vapours cloud the ſkies:
Like theſe vulcanoes in convulſive rage,
The Britiſh troops, and Gallic forts engage.
Advancing corps of infantries gain ground,
The cohorn, faſcine batt'ries play around.
Wolfe well deſerves his dread voracious name,
Spreads ruin round, or wide devouring flame!
Around the town he roams, conceal'd in night!
Intent on Gallic prey, maintains the fight!
The ſilenc'd light-houſe-batt'ry, owns his might!

Soon

Soon grows more dreadful, than it was before;
Inſpir'd by Wolfe, and Britiſh troops to roar!
Wolfe, on the iſland fort, his battle pours!
Inceſſant, ſends, his thund'ring, iron ſhow'rs!
Whilſt Amherſt, on the town, and grand-fort plays!
(On Gallic troops, deſponding terrors ſeize!)
Againſt the iſland fort, Wolfe's boſom burns!
His rapid ſtorm, their thunder overturns!
Daſh'd by his balls, obſtructing ramparts drop!
They even plough, the deep foundations up!
Before his battle, adverſe ſtrength is born!
Pomelions, nuts, and muzzles, off are torn!
His fierce aſſault, the hoſtile platform feels,
Beſtrew'd with uſeleſs guns, and broken wheels!
The mould'ring breaches, wide, and wider ſpread!
Rammers, and ſponges, lie among the dead!
Deſcending bombs, moſt dreadfully diſplode!
With ruin'd walls, the ſhiver'd platforms load!
The fort's defendants, now for ſhelter fly,
For undiſtinguiſh'd, lo, the rampiers lie!
Subverted guns, with wheels aloft diſplay'd,
Among the piles of rubbiſh, too are laid!
And dreadful devaſtation widely ſpread!

Diſploded

Diſploded ſhells, and ſhot, together throng;
And mortars, from their brazen baſes flung!
A proſpect odd! of iron! braſs! and lead!
Of ſtones! and mangled bodies of the dead!
Fathers, to future ſons, ſhall this report;
So, fought brave Wolfe! ſo look'd, the iſland fort!

By Boſcawen, and Hardy, (both) inſpir'd,
See, Britiſh tars, to deeds of wonder fir'd!
They leave their lofty ſhips upon the ſea;
Deſtin'd for Louiſbourg, they ſpeed their way,
As hungry wolves, will nightly roam for prey!
No whit diſmay'd, thro' dangers on they came!
'Midſt gloom, and ſhot, and ſhells, and ſulph'rous flame!
Towards the Gallic thunder ſtorms they bend!
With ſpeed alert, their lofty ſides aſcend!
And from the engineers, the daſhing bolts they rend!
Deſcending Frenchmen, ſoon their quarters leave,
The cutlaſs, and the naval pole-ax, cleave!

Not

Not one ſurvives, to wail the hundreds dead;
But carnage great, and total death is ſpread!
~~L'Entreprenant, in~~ prudent in British flame, moſt fiercely glow'd!
But Bienfaicant they ſav'd, and from the harbour tow'd.
So hungry wolves, attack the tim'rous ſheep,
In lonely cots, and o'er the fences leap;
Eager, they ſeize, upon the fleecy prey;
Tear! kill! and drag, whate'er they pleaſe away!

With ardent balls, brave Wolfe, their fleet doth vex!
Or drops his bombs, upon their open decks!
They ſink, or vaniſh, in a ſulph'rous blaze!
And with new horrors Louiſbourg amaze!
As from the bellowing engine of the ſkies,
The thunderbolt, and riving light'ning flies;
They rend the knotty oaks, and tear the ground!
And ſpread a deſolating ruin round!
So Wolfe, and Amherſt, emulous advance,
To waſte the troops, and raze the forts of France!

Amherſt,

Amherſt, ſends various deaths among the foe!
The troops, and tars, with gen'rous courage glow!
The town, and grand-fort, little reſpite know!
See, Wolfe, inſpires, and ſpurs his martial pow'rs!
With roar deſtructive, Louiſbourg devours!
Wolfe, prowls by night, with caution to ſurvey,
How batt'ring guns, and Britiſh mortars play!
Oft looks on Louiſbourg, with threat'ning frown!
And ſhow'rs his ſhot, and ſhells, upon the town!
Amherſt, and Wolfe, full forty days aſſail
The town, and forts, reſolved to prevail.
As oft are known, the meteors of the ſky,
With burning tails, deſcending from on high,
To daſh thro' houſes, quick in aſhes lain,
Tough oaks are riv'd, and frighted mortals ſlain:
As they diſplode, with dreadful thund'ring ſound,
And tear, and furrow up, the neighb'ring ground!
Their tow'ring bombs, deſcending from on high,
With dread commiſſion! to the town they fly!
The craſhing roofs give way! they daſh to ground!
Diſplode! and ſcatter duſt, and deaths, around!

Spread

Spread devaſtation wide, thro' all the place!
And lofty domes, to deep foundations raze!
So, flaming Louiſbourg, their fury feels!
From Engliſh bombs, proceed thoſe various ills!
Men! women! children! welter in their gore!
Shrieks! groans! and flames! mortars! and cannons roar!
With dread confuſion, fill the Gallic ſhore!
Drucour, no longer, can the fight maintain;
Tho' greatly brave! yet here, his brav'ry's vain!
Tho' wond'rous ſtrong the place, it cannot ſhield
His troops from death; behold, the rampiers yield!
For Wolfe, and Amherſt, with a thund'ring frown!
Shake the grand fort! and fire the neighb'ring town!
Aloft, great GEORGE's banners, were uprear'd;
Brave Boſcawen, into the harbour ſteer'd.
The dreadful ſcene is chang'd, they hear no more,
The dying groans, nor guns, nor mortars roar,
And ſlaughter, ceaſes, on the Gallic ſhore!
The Britiſh cannon roar'd, in harmleſs ſort,
When Louiſbourg became a friendly port!

Heav'n!

Heav'n! hear my pray'r! preſerve it as our own!
Till Gallic foes, our faithful friends are grown!
Amen.

WHEN Neſtor, (ſagely,) on the Phrygian ſhore,
Advis'd ſome * ſpies, ſhou'd Hector's camp explore,
The ſage Ulyſſes, and fierce Diomed,
Thro' Trojan guards, and gloom, and dangers ſped.
Amherſt, and Wolfe, like theſe, were wiſely choſe,
For foreign war, againſt perfidious foes.

* Upon the refuſal of Achilles, to return to the army, (which he had deſerted, on account of the quarrel between him, and Agamemnon, who with his troops had laid ſiege to Troy; but was now by the irreſiſtble proweſs of Hector, beaten back to his ſhips, and entrenchments.) A council of war was call'd by night, for the public ſafety, and Neſtor queſtions, if none will go to hazard his life to ſave his country, ſtrive to ſeize ſome ſtraggling foe, or penetrate ſo far into their camp, as to hear their counſels and deſigns, mentions the glory of the dead, and what gifts! and praiſes! his grateful country wou'd beſtow! Diomed, undertook this hazardous enterprize! and made choice of Ulyſſes for his companion. In their paſſage, they ſurprize Dolon (whom Hector had ſent on a like deſign, to the camp of the Grecians.) From him they are informed of the ſituation of the Trojan, and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rheſus, and the Thracians, who were lately arrived. They paſs on with ſucceſs; kill Rheſus, with ſeveral of his officers, and ſeize the famous horſes of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp. The whole ſtory may be read in the 10th book of Homer's Iliad.

Wiſdom,

Wiſdom, and valour, with united force;
Conduct the Grecians, thro' their nightly courſe.
If ſkill mature, the great deſign ſhou'd aſk;
Who fitter than Ulyſſes, for the taſk?
Shou'd giant danger, ſtride a-croſs the path!
Tydides * fierce! was full of martial wrath!
With mighty ſtrength, his pond'rous ſpear he drove!
And ſcarce † retreated from the thund'ring Jove!
Amherſt, in council, was rely'd upon:
Wolfe had the ſpirit of Tydeus' ſon!
Both oft had charg'd, amidſt the ſulph'rous roar
Of deep mouth'd guns, and thouſands in their gore:
Both oft well try'd, to fierce encounters drew,
Where iron deaths, and leaden dangers flew!

* Tydides, is Diomed, being the ſon of Tydeus; and is ſometimes in the Iliad, call'd Diomed. Tydides. Tydeus's ſon.

† In the 8th book of Homer's Iliad. We have Diomed advancing fiercely to Neſtor's reſcue, and to battle with Hector, who came thund'ring through the war, and was driving full upon the Pylian ſage. Homer makes Jupiter oppoſe Diomed in theſe words.

> But Jove with awful ſound;
> Roll'd the big thunder o'er the vaſt profound.
> Full in Tydides' face, the lightning flew;
> The ground before him, flam'd with ſulphur blue.

After which, he deſcribes him retreating with great reluctance, from Hector's overwhelming battle; tho' deſerted by the Grecians, adviſed to flee by Neſtor, and oppos'd by a ſtorm of thunder, and lightning, from Jupiter himſelf.

Brunſwick, and Pitt, on theſe, ſecurely lean'd,
England, in hope, by theſe, was well ſuſtain'd.
So Memnon, Neſtor, fix'd their hopes upon
Bold Diomed, and ſage Laertes' * ſon.
Thro' Dardan ranks, victorious, both had ſtrode;
Their Grecian ſpears, drank, deep of hoſtile blood.
Amidſt the fierceſt ſhocks, both oft were try'd;
Whilſt brains, and gore, their biting faulchions dy'd!
Swords, jav'lins, darts, and ſpears, (in hoſtile fields,)
In batt'ring ſtorms, had rattled on their ſhields!
With warlike ſpoils, their labours oft were crown'd;
For wiſdom great, and valour, much renown'd.
They ſeiz'd on Dolon †, ſtruck with wild diſmay!)
Firſt ſlew the ſpy, then ſped where Rheſus lay:
Doom'd with his guards, no more to ſee the light;
Their eyes ſeal'd up, in everlaſting night!
Back to their friends, the heroes ſafe return'd:
The Trojan camp, their nightly viſit mourn'd.
Both plann'd, both fought, as dread occaſion needs!
And both their ſouls, were form'd for mighty deeds!

* Ulyſſes, who is in the Iliad, ſometimes call'd, ſage Ulyſſes, wiſe Ulyſſes, Laertes's ſon, and ſometimes Ithacus.

† The ſpy, ſent by Hector, to explore the Grecian Camp. Vid. 10th book of Homer's Iliad.

Amherſt, and Wolfe, like theſe, in war renown'd!
Return'd from Louiſbourg, with conqueſt crown'd!
The toils of war, each diſpoſition ſuits;
And either plans, and either executes.
The Grecian heroes, their nocturnal courſe
Held jointly on, with great united force.
Whilſt Diomed, the guards of Rheſus ſlew,
Wiſe Ithacus *, the bodies backward drew.
Fearing the mettled ſteeds might ſcorn the rein,
Unus'd to carnage, and the ſanguin'd plain.
Whilſt Amherſt thunder'd on the frighten'd town!
Wolfe's battle ſhook the iſland battr'y down!
Wiſe were the Grecian chiefs! nor wont to fear!
Sagacious! brave! the Britiſh heroes were!

* Ulyſſes, who is often call'd Ithacus: from his country; being king of Ithaca.

End of BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

The deſcent at Cherburg. Blowing up the baſon. Goree attacked by the Honourable Auguſtus Keppel: and ſurrendered to him. Admiral Rodney's bombardment of Havre de Grace; and burning the flat-bottom boats; with an addreſs to Great Britain. Boſcawen's ſailing, and chaſing De Clue. The engagement. De Clue, and part of his ſquadron, driven on ſhore! with the pannic they were in on ſeeing the Spaniſh fleet, and ſuppoſing them to be an Engliſh fleet.

WAR:

WAR:

BOOK II.

GREAT GEORGE's GRANDSON, lands
on Gallia's ſhore!
His batt'ring guns! and royal mortars
roar!
Cloſe ply'd, well aim'd, are bombs, and daſhing balls!
Before the princely hero, Cherburg falls!
Low as the duſt, ſtrong ramparts, down are thrown!
Aloft, in air, the coſtly baſon's blown!
How ſmil'd, our good, old King! how trembled
Gaul!
Whilſt EDWARD's cannon, raz'd proud Cherburg's
wall!
Paternal doubts! and ardent wiſhes riſe!
Whilſt tears of tranſport, ſparkled in his eyes!

Grandly exulting! more than king he ſtood!
Whilſt EDWARD fought, confeſſing Brunſwick's
blood!
So ſtands, the royal hunter, to ſurvey
His cubs, who grapple with a ſtubborn prey!
He ſwings his tail, exulting at the fight!
And trembling, longs to mingle in the fight!
With love paternal fir'd, and ardent rage!
He ſees the lions, as the cubs engage!
At length, the vanquiſh'd foe, is drown'd in blood!
He ſhakes his mane, and roars his approbation
loud!

As if Veſuvius, uprooted torn;
Againſt Goree, to battle had been born!
Brave Keppel, in the Torbay, fierce aſſail'd,
Fort, after fort, and mightily prevail'd!
Whilſt fate, in triumph, in each broadſide rode,
Troops, tars, and Keppel, all, for vict'ry glow'd!
Shot, after ſhot, bomb, after bomb, he ſent!
Silenc'd their guns! platforms, and ramparts rent!

The

The Gauls grew cold, as warm the Britons grew!
And greatly emulous, to battle flew:
They ceas'd their fire, and pull'd their enſign down,
And gave our troops poſſeſſion of the town.

See! Rodney, next, th' invaſive project marr!
Subverts French ſchemes, and their flat bottom'd war!
Britannia's fleet, at Havre, threats the ſhore!
And brazen mortars, in bombardment roar!
From iron vehicles, the veng'ance broke!
And all their plans, evaporate in ſmoke!

Britain! let looſe thy rough, undaunted tars!
And ſmile applauſe, on all thy ſons of Mars!
Let no cabals, thy patriots aims fruſtrate!
Nor civil diſcontent, diſturb the ſtate!
Then under Providence, we may expect,
A laſting peace, the pride of Gallia checkt!

Now Hawke, and Boſcawen, with terrors ride,
Acroſs the main, to curb the Gallic pride:
And in Lagos, and Quiberon's fam'd bay,
Our gallant tars, their naval worth diſplay;
Attack, and ſtrike the fleets of Gaul, with dread diſmay!

Boſcawen, firſt engages with the foe;
And gains new laurels from his overthrow!
Frighted before! at Spaniards * in the bay;
They tack'd, confus'd! and ſtood again at ſea.
Chimeras fill'd their minds! black fear prevails!
And ev'ry cloud, was England's ſwelling ſails!
So tim'rous ſouls, (dreading nocturnal ſhade!)
A ſimilar miſtake, have often made.
A ſudden glance, a-croſs a glitt'ring pool,
'Twas light'ning flaſh'd! and ſhou'd ſome growling bull,
Bellow terrific, thro' th' adjacent plains,
Some fiend infernal, roar'd, and ſhook his chains!

* The French fleet, ſeeing the Spaniſh fleet in the bay, (as they were going into harbour,) tack'd, and ſtood off again at ſea: by which means, they met, the (ſo much dreaded) Engliſh fleet, which they ſo vainly endeavoured to ſhun.

From non-exiſting ills, they ſtrive t' eſcape,
Stumble on nought! and into ditches leap!
So Frenchmen now, ſubſtantial dangers meet,
Shunning the ſhadow of an Engliſh fleet!
Our fleet, no ſooner, to their view appear'd,
Falſe ſignals made, and Britain's enſigns rear'd,
Thro' all their ſhips, the wonted fears prevail!
They dropp'd their courſers, and ſet ev'ry ſail!
Now glow'd our tars! and thro' the foaming ſea,
They chas'd De Clue, and long'd to ſeize their prey!
As thro' the concave of the gloomy ſky,
(On wings of winds upborn, on which they fly;)
Black clouds, chaſe clouds, in dread tremendous form!
Pregnant with light'ning, hail, and thunder ſtorm!
So Gallia's flying ſhips, and our purſuing fleet,
Glide on in flaming gloom, and in loud thunder greet!
Yard-arm, and yard-arm now, and ſide, to ſide,
Pikes, piſtols, guns, and cannons all are ply'd.
From ſhip, to ſhip, grapples, and chains are thrown;
Pole axes graſp'd, and cutlaſſes are drawn:

With inborn glow, our tars prepare t' aſſail,
Reſolv'd they board, and uncontroul'd prevail.
Brave Boſcawen bears down, with gen'rous rage;
And tho' diſmaſted, dares De Clue t' engage.
So fierce they fought! ſo many broadſides fir'd!
The braſs * relented, and the guns grew tir'd!
De Clue now fled, (with thouſands) hid in ſmoke,
Which from the Britiſh fleet, with veng'ance broke;
And left their ſhips, at random on the ſea,
To rocks, and flames, and Engliſh tars a prey.
To ſhun Boſcawen's rage, and horrid roar,
The Gallic Ocean † tumbled on the ſhore.

* If I am not much miſtaken, I heard, that the muzzles, of ſome of the Ocean's braſs guns, bent downward; the metal being molify'd, by exc[illegible]ve heat of the oft repeated diſcharges.

† The ſhip De Clue commanded.

End of BOOK II.

The

The ARGUMENT.

Great Britain's preparation of her fleet, and troops, againſt Quebec, under Admiral Saunders, and Admiral Holmes; and the Generals, Wolfe, Monckton, and Townſhend. The pannic in France! and at Quebec! as the conſequence thereof. The fleet ſailing; their arrival in the river of Quebec. The formidable appearance, and reſolution, of the Engliſh, Scotch, Iriſh, and Provincials; when they remember'd Zell, and the ſcalping butchery of the French, Canadians, and Indians. The fleet proceeding up the Gulf, and the Engliſh Wolfe landed againſt the enemy. His intrepidity, and the execution of his attacks. Fireſhips ſent down, ſeveral times by the French, upon the ſtream, to burn our fleet; but by the vigilance of Admiral Saunders, Holmes, and other reſolved commanders; join'd with the indefatigable reſolution, and activity, of our bold, and hardy tars; they are baffled in all their ſchemes, and the fireſhips, and fire-floats, do no damage to the Engliſh fleet. The vexation of the French thereon; and the war carried to their walls. The united battery of General Wolfe, on Point Levi: Admiral Saunders, below the town, and Admiral Holmes, above the town.

General Wolfe, repreſented as in ſuſpenſe, on point of Levi; on account of the ſmall number of forces he had with him, and on viewing Montcalm's camp, with

with near double the number; and observing the ſtupendous height, and ſtability of the town, and garriſon of Quebec. Compared to Babylon's, (as was thought, impregnable) ramparts, for the town ſtood upon a lofty rock, and well defended by trench, on trench, and impaſſable works, and avenues: riſing dreadfully to view! one above another. General Wolfe's intrepid reſolves, to attack Monſieur Montcalm's entrenchments. The dangerous landing: fight, and retreat. The undaunted behaviour of Captain Ochterlony, (a Scotch gentleman,) and Lieut. Peyton, (an Iriſh gentleman:) both of one company of Royal American grenadiers; left wounded on the field of battle. Their refuſal to be carried off. Two Indians, and a Frenchman, attack Capt. Ochterlony. Mr. Peyton, (after a long ſtruggle,) kills the Indians, and is reſcu'd from about thirty more by three Highlanders, detached by Capt. M'Donald of Fraſer's battalion. General Wolfe is vex'd at his repulſe, and ſickens thro' care and watching. The united efforts of the ſoldiers, and ſeamen, to reduce the place. The battery againſt, and from the town, and all the terrors! carnage! and tumult of the ſiege deſcrib'd! the terror of the French, Canadians, and Indians, on account of their cruelty, and treachery!

General Amherſt, Townſhend, Johnſon, Howe, Prideaux, Rogers, Forbes, Schomberg, Abercromby, and

and their tranſactions on the Continent mentioned, by way of epiſode; who reduced in the mean time, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Niagara; with ſome other ſervices performed by them. The ſiege of Quebec reaſſumed. The day of battle deſcrib'd before the town. The difficulty our troops met in aſcending the hill, and their reſolution. The ſummit of the hill gain'd. The armies meeting. A ſhort eſſay on the Generals. The fight begun. General Wolfe's wriſt broken by a ball. His intrepidity, and deſire for battle. General Wolfe wounded a ſecond time; but diſſembles the hurt. Wounded a third time, mortally! drops, and is carried out of the battle. The manner of his death! and how it was received at home. His mother's grief, and England's in general. The generoſity of the common people, at the time of rejoicing and illumination. A ſhort addreſs to his mother. The grief of the ſoldiers in the battle for him. Their generous rage! impetuous! and overwhelming united attack of the enemy! Colonel Howe's ſtation in the field.

A deſcription of the Anſtruthers and Scots, with their broad ſwords, and the reſt of the troops, with their bayonets fix'd; piercing thro', hewing down whole lanes of carnage! and rolling the Gallic ſquadrons before them, in confuſion! General Monckton wounded: his behaviour, and a ſhort parallel between him and General Townſhend.

General

General Townſhend takes the command. His addreſs, ſkill, and intrepidity; like Achilles, leading on his myrmidons to battle, to revenge the death of his dear Patroclus! the wounded Ulyſſes! Diomed! &c. &c. &c. The general rout, and ſlaughter of Montcalm and his troops. Bougainville's corps appears, juſt as the rout began: but are ſoon likewiſe routed by General Townſhend, and our animated troops, and ſent full ſpeed, to join the reſt in their retreat.

The chaſe continued to the town of Quebec: our troops mixing with, running down, and taking the Frenchmen priſoners at will, with the ſurrender of the town and garriſon, to General Townſhend.

WAR:

BOOK III.

CHERBURG, Du Queſne, Goree, and Senegal;
Victims, to Britain's fierce reſentment fall!
The like black fate, did Guadaloup betide!
Strong Louiſbourg we made our own beſide:
The Gallic, captiv'd fleets, in Britiſh harbours ride!
Lewis no cauſe has got, whereof to boaſt;
Nor Royal GEORGE to grieve, that he Minorca loſt.
How ſatiate now, Great Britain might ſit down!
But Brunſwick, ſtill puts on a threat'ning frown!
By Pitt, (reſolv'd to awe the wond'ring world!)
Againſt Quebec, the Engliſh thunder's hurl'd!

With

With miſchief ſure, the bolts deſtructive fly!
Guided by Him, who thunders from the ſky!
From Pole, to Pole, great Albion's terror's known!
She roars in thunder! and her pow'r they own,
Amid the frigid and the torrid Zone!

Winter elaps'd, the welcome ſpring appears;
Saunders, aloft, the Britiſh enſign rears!
Engliſh, Hibernians, Scotchmen, all combine;
With one conſent, (reſolv'd,) united join,
T'imbark, and boldly urge the grand deſign!
Tents, horſes, carrs, are in great plenty ſhipt!
And hardy troops, for waſting war equipt!
For cannonading, 'gainſt the Gallic forts;
They've pond'rous guns, and ſhot of various ſorts.
Fuſes, and ſhells, by thouſands now they get,
And brazen mortars, for bombardment fit.
Cargoes are ſhipt, of black, infernal grain!
T'eject the balls, in thunder, on the main:
With large reſerves, from Britain's ordnance ſtore,
For field artill'ries, on the Gallic ſhore.

Incentive

Incentive match, is put on board the fleet,
And all the tools, for pioneering meet.
The gath'ring ſhips, from various harbours glide,
And at one gen'ral rendezvous they ride.
The Grecian fleet, ſo met, for Trojan doom;
When Paris raviſh'd Helen from her home.
So glow'd the troops, to raze proud Illium's walls,
Only they wanted powder, bombs, and balls!

Commiſſion'd now, brave Adm'ral Saunders ſails,
At Paris, ſad foreboding fear, prevails!
The coaſt of France, a pannic dread alarms!
Britannia's angry ſons, are rous'd again to arms!
As when a flock of ſwans have ken'd on high,
A dreaded eagle, ſouſing from the ſky!
They flutter, ſcream, and gather cloſely round,
And wiſh a place of ſafety could be found!
Till down he comes, upon the pinion'd prey;
Scatters, and tears, and bears a ſwan away!
When Saunders ſail'd, in France ſuch moan was heard;
But Quebec, chiefly, his approaches fear'd!

There

There Albion's, thunders, did moſt fiercely roar!
Quebec, (well mann'd!) from Lewis, reeking tore!
And laid Canadians, welt'ring in their gore!
So oft, before, have England's Adm'rals hurl'd,
Great GEORGE's flame, and terror, thro' the world!

Wide o'er the deep, thro' ſtorms, and bluſt'ring gales,
Safe to America, our ſquadron ſails.
Provincials there, againſt Quebec deſign'd,
And friendly ſhips, with Saunders are combin'd.
Provincials, Engliſh, Scotch, Hibernians bold!
Frown, formidably, dreadful to behold!
Canadian ſcalping now, before their eyes,
And butcher'd fathers, mothers, wives, and children riſe!
And ev'ry cruel treach'ry, which the Gauls deviſe!
Gloomy they l[illegible]w'r, like pond'rous ſhow'rs, when born,
Towards a field, of yellow ſtanding corn.
Till down a deluge comes, with rattling ſound,
And beats the plenteous harveſt to the ground;

So

So Britain's troops, when they remember'd Zell,*
And ſcalping knives, frown'd with reſentment fell,
With gen'rous rage! they beat Quebec to ground!
And recompence moſt juſt, the black Canadians found.

Saunders proceeds up thro' St. Laurence gulf;
And ſends, (to prowl) on ſhore, the Engliſh Wolfe!
Who with an (eager,) martial tranſport flew,
Upon the black, Canadian, ſcalping crew!
Yet warm from Louiſbourg, and blood of Gaul!
He long'd to ſee the ſavage ſcalpers fall.
Keen threat'ning fires, he ſhot from wrathful eyes,
Whilſt from his brazen engines, veng'ance flies.
His manly boſom burn'd, with freeborn flame!
To ſpread the terror of his ſov'reign's name.
He burſt like fate, againſt the Indian foe;
And whelm'd them in the Gallic overthrow!

* The place in Germany, where Monſieur Richlieu, burnt the Orphan Houſe, and ſo many hundred orphans in it.

To vex the foe, (whom num'rous forts immure,)
And Britain's fleet from danger to ſecure,
Levi at firſt, and Orleans they poſſeſs'd;
And to the batt'ring ſiege, themſelves addreſs'd.
Our troops urg'd on, drove Gauls, and Indians back,
Reſolv'd with ſpeed, the caſtle to attack.
As mortal palſies, e'er they ſeize the heart,
Attack, and weaken, man's extremeſt part:
At length, death urges on the fatal ſtrife,
Surrounds the breaſt, attacks the ſeat of life;
So Wolfe devour'd the interjacent ground;
Reſolv'd advanc'd, and ſcatter'd terrors round!

Large, and ſmall faſcine batt'ries, ſoon are plann'd;
And guns, and murd'ring mortars, quickly mann'd!
Great ſtore of ſhells, and ſhot, and black diſplod-
ing grain,
Are ſent on ſhore, to Wolfe, nor are they ſent in
vain;
He deals with martial wrath, deſtruction thro'
the plain!

Whilſt

Whilſt Wolfe, and Saunders, 'gainſt Quebec combine,
The French (alarm'd,) had plann'd a dire deſign,
To execute a dreadful fiery * doom!
And in relentleſs blaze, the fleet conſume.
As Etna oft, with ſulph'rous flame, and noiſe,
Subjacent towns, and cities, quick deſtroys;
Whene'er inrag'd, the mountain overflows,
And from its womb, th' infernal mixture throws;
So from Quebec, (adrift,) the Gallic flame;
Down thro' the Gulf, againſt brave Saunders came!
Toward the Britiſh fleet, the floating terrors ride,
In awful manner born, upon the rapid tide;
The thronging, blazing deaths, a little fleet appear!
Involv'd in pitchy gloom! and cloath'd around with fear!
As if th' infernal coaſt, (itſelf,) was drawing near!

* Whilſt Gen. Wolfe, and Admiral Saunders, were uniting their utmoſt efforts, to batter, deſtroy, and take the town: or bring Monſ. de Montcalm, (an able fortunate and brave commander) to battle: the French ſeveral times ſent down from the town, on the rapid ſtream, fireſhips, and boats, full of combuſtibles, to deſtroy our ſhipping, which almoſt wholly filled the channel. But by the extraordinary ſkill, and vigilance of Admiral Saunders; the bravery, and intrepidity of his officers, and ſailors, every veſſel of this kind ſent againſt them, was tow'd aſhore, without doing the leaſt miſchief.

Saunders aware, deſcry'd 'em from afar,
And ſoon prepar'd to meet the flaming war!
Great Britain's tars, toward the danger ſpeed!
And prov'd they were, true Engliſhmen indeed!
For as the Grecians gather'd from a far,
When Hector urg'd along the flaming war,
Round Ajax throng'd, his near approach to greet,
To ſell their lives, and ſave the Grecian fleet.
(Begirt with Trojans *, on the hero came!
And high uplifted, bore, the Phrygian flame!)
Reſolv'd they fix'd, nor ever once gave ground,
Till Hector's flame, in Trojan blood was drown'd!
So Engliſh ſailors, glow'd with fierce deſires,
Reſolv'd to quell, thoſe num'rous floating fires!

* The whole ſtory, of the battle near the ſhip of the dead Proteſilaus; the compact body, and immoveable reſolution, of the Grecian Phalanx, around the two Ajaces, and ſeveral other commanders, oppoſing the deſperate, and formidable onſet of Hector; (exulting in his having paſſed the wall, which guarded the ſhips, and the Grecian camp;) begirt with the fierceſt, and prime warriors of his army, and the numerous bands of the then triumphant Trojans, ruſhing furiouſly on after, (like a deluge,) with the fiery war: the Grecians ſtruggles to repulſe the Trojans, and ſave the fleet; and the Trojans efforts, to ruſh on, and burn the fleet, with the ſcale of battle turn'd, by the approach of Patroclus, in Achilles's armour, and chariot, with Hector's retreat, the Grecian navy ſav'd, from Hector's flame, the Trojan rout, and carnage, which enſu'd; may be read in the fifteenth, and ſixteenth books of Homer's Iliad.

Boats,

Boats, throng on boats, as near the fireſhips drew!
Clap'd cloſe on board, and chains, and grapples
threw!
With buſy, anxious minds, they boldly wrought!
And Gallia's burning ſcheme, reduc'd to nought!
Canadians, Gauls, fruſtrated, all in vain,
Gnaſhing their teeth, to ſenſeleſs walls complain,
Juſt as a hungry wolf, but ſlowly flies,
Whilſt dogs, and ſhepherds, follow with their cries,
Grinning, oft turns, with fear, and fierce diſdain,
Reluctant runs, and quits the bleating plain,
His ſavage fierceneſs, ſcarcely can with-hold,
So grinn'd Quebec, by providence controul'd!
So fled their tars, when our brave tars appear'd!
They heard their ſhouts, their boiſt'rous greeting
fear'd.

Tho' ſev'ral ſhips, with fires infernal glow'd!
From larboard, ſtarboard clear, each flame was
tow'd!
Whilſt Brunſwick's ſhips, at anchor ſafely rode.

Britain exult! to wond'ring nations tell,
Thy tars, wou'd grapple with a floating hell!
Thus oft, the French ſent down their horrid fires,
As oft our, ſailors glow'd with fierce deſires,
To grapple with the flaming ſulph'rous war!
T' oppoſe their boats! and all their ſchemes to mar!
Where flame, and death, and war, tumultous rage!
There ſhout the Britiſh tars! and with delight engage!

As Grecians turn'd the burning war to Troy,
And did that long defended town deſtroy,
Saunders, and Wolfe, and Holmes, repay'd the Cauls;
And brought Great Britain's thunder to their walls.

From Levi's Point, Wolfe's rapid ſtorm came down!
Saunders below, and Holmes above the town,
(Intent on war, in fulminating ſort,)
Eject their bolts, to raze the Gallic fort.

From

From ſhips, and batt'ries, (with deſtruction ſtor'd)
In triple concert, England's veng'ance roar'd.

On Levi's Point, Wolfe ruminating ſtood;
Thence Montcalm's camp, and ſtrong Quebec he view'd.
Quebec! whoſe baſe, was on a lofty rock!
Diſpos'd to ſtand, amidſt the fierceſt ſhock!
Tho' Engliſh fleets, the garriſon ſurround!
And Engliſh armies, throng th' adjacent ground!
Like thoſe, on Babylon's ſtupendous wall! *
Who fear'd no foes, tho' heav'n ſhou'd threat the fall!
By art, and nature form'd, for ſtrong defence!
With proud diſdain! the French look'd down from thence.

* The people of Babylon, when the city was beſieg'd, look'd down with a fearleſs diſdain, on the troops which beleaguer'd the walls, and truſted to their ſtupendous height, and ſtrength. So Quebec, both by art and nature, was moſt ſtrongly fortify'd, and render'd capable of an obſtinate defence.

On glorious death, or well earn'd conqueſt bent:
Wolfe, with his troops, to Montmorenci * went:
Attack'd the trenches, brav'd the num'rous foe!
Who ſculk'd behind their banks, and fear'd an overthrow.

The time deciſive now, come on to ſtorm,
And death put on, a fierce, tremendous form!
His vanguard, were the terrors of the night!
Wolfe, Monckton, Townſhend, whetted for the fight!
Engliſh, Hibernians, Caledonians, arm'd
With native rage, for dang'rous battle warm'd!
Provincials too, with emulation came!
And march'd intrepid, to the field of fame.
And Britiſh tars, as ſtrong reſerves await;
To join the chace, or favour the retreat,

* The place, near where Monſ. Montcalm was entrench'd.

Inviron'd

Inviron'd thus, midſt terrors on he came!
With Britain's thunderbolts, and ſulph'rous flame!

Now near the ſhore, th' aſſailing forces drew,
And leaden deaths, (like hail,) in volleys flew.
Engliſh, Canadians, French, drop all around;
Guns, men, and blood, beſtrew the ſlipp'ry ground.
French deep-mouth'd guns, diſgorge their murd'r-
ing glut!
From front to rear, wide lanes of carnage cut!
Deſcending bombs, (from num'rous forts of Gaul,)
Among the troops, and boats, in plenty fall!
Promiſcuous kill! with fulminating light,
Diſplode, and add, new terrors to the fight!
The troops, and tars, ruſh'd on, with martial wrath!
Thro' floods of flame! and deluges of death!
Wolfe, and his men, thro' dangers, ſpeed to ſhore!
Where Gallic guns, and murd'ring mortars roar!
Gauls, and Canadians, mix'd, engage ten deep!
Our troops attempt, an aſcent, rough, and ſteep!

And

And on the neck of danger, dare to land!
Where Gallia's thick mud banks, were ten times
mann'd!
At length retreat; (for numbers gain'd the day,)
Whilſt Peyton *, 'mongſt the dead, and wounded
lay.
Not far: (deſcending to the ſhades of night;)
Lay Ochterlony †, in a diſmal plight!
Their two great hearts, by martial glow were fir'd!
And both their ſouls, ſweet friendſhip's flame in-
ſpir'd!
Of characters unblam'd! and free from ſtains!
Link'd firm as fate, in amicable chains!
The grenadiers, wou'd fain their help beſtow;
And bear them (wounded,) from the ſcene of woe!
No gen'rous friends! the Caledonian ſaid!
Bear that brave man, (in ſafety,) from the dead!
Pointing to Peyton, with his fractur'd bone:
Here let me lie, and bleed to death alone.

* Mr. Peyton, was an Iriſh gentleman, Lieut. of Capt. Ochterlony's company of grenadiers.

† Mr. Ochterlony, was a Scotch gentleman, and captain of a company of Royal American grenadiers. He, and Mr. Peyton, were inſeparable friends, and of unblemiſh'd characters.

Peyton refus'd, with generous diſdain!
To leave his friend, upon the hoſtile plain!
Fierce as the dragon, guards th' Heſperian fruit,
Lay bleeding, (warm'd) to meet the dread diſpute!

Here ſeems for death, an emulating ſtrife,
Peyton ſome minutes, guards departing life;
And Ochterlony, with his dying breath,
Begs Peyton's reſcue, from the field of death!

As there they lay among the num'rous ſlain,
Two ſcalping murderers, (with cruel mein,)
Join'd by a Gaul, towards the warriors drew;
And acted like a plund'ring * highway crew.
Now Ochterlony roſe, from off the ground:
(Tho' pain'd, and bleeding, from a mortal † wound!)

* They took Mr. Peyton's laced hat from him, and robbed Capt. Ochterlony of his watch, and money, then one of the Indians, attempted to knock his brains out, with ...s firelock, and the other diſcharged into his body, and ſtabb d him with his ſcalping knife.

† He was ſhot thro' the lungs, with a muſket ball: wore no ſword in the action, and was obliged to drop his faſee, long before; ſo that now, he was quite unarm'd.

Within

Within his reach, no friendly weapon ſaw,
Wherewith to deal, the Caledonian blow!
Elſe, doubtleſs, all, his mighty blows had felt!
And fall'n beneath the ſtrokes, his rage had dealt!
As dying lions, wide deſtruction ſpread!
Cruſh dogs, and men! and ſink, together, dead!
With firelock's clubb'd, they ſought to lay him low,
And on his ſhoulder *, laid the pond'rous blow!
Another, full of ſavage, (Gallic) wrath!
Pour'd in his breaſt, a load * of leaden death!
Not ſatiate yet, a third effort he made;
And thro' his belly, plung'd his ſcalping * blade!
Moſt fiercely kneeling †, midſt his murd'ring foes,
His naked hands, ſtill parry'd off their blows!
He call'd to wounded Peyton, deeply pain'd;
And of the outrage, to his friend complain'd ‡.

*** One of the Indians, attempted to knock him on the head, miſſed the blow, and laid it on his ſhoulder; the other diſcharged into his breaſt, and ſtabbed him in the belly with his ſcalping knife. He ſtill ſtood, and call'd to Mr. Peyton, O Peyton! the villain has ſhot me!

† They brought him on his knees, by repeated blows and efforts, and thought to ſtrangle him with his ſaſh: but he, ſtill (tho' ſo often and deadly wounded,) with ſurpriſing exertion, baffled them: and after all, got into the town, lived ſome days, and died there.

‡ He cried out, O Peyton! the villain has ſhot me!

As

As ruſh'd the Trojan hero *, from the ſhade,
And dealt deſtruction, with his mortal blade!
Soon as he ſaw, (the fatal,) yawning wound!
And a brave dying friend, upon the ground!
Like him, fierce Peyton, ſtraightway, boldly rear'd!
Defiance frown'd! and both the Indians dar'd!
Rouz'd, tho' in pain! 'twixt bravery, and hate!
He groan'd in † flame! and ſent the leaden fate!
Which gain'd th' event, the gallant Peyton hop'd,
By death arreſted, down an Indian dropp'd!
On Ochterlony fell, (deſign'd his prey!)
And grinning, groan'd his ſavage ſoul away!
When Furio ſaw his mate, bereav'd of life,
Frowning he graſp'd, his fatal, ſcalping knife!
Fiercely, toward the wounded Peyton ſped!
In fancy ſeiz'd his ſcalp, and doom'd him dead!
The bold Hibernian, ſtill unconquer'd ſtood!
His fractur'd leg, pour'd out the vital blood!

* Niſus, who with Uryalus, iſſued from Eneas's camp, ſlew Rhamnes, Rhemus, and many others, of the enemy's camp, and marched onward, to warn Eneas of their danger: but were met by Volſcens, in the wood, with 300 horſe, two of which, beſides Volſcens, Niſus ſlew, in revenge of the gallant Uryalus, ſlain by them.

† Mr. Peyton had a double barrell'd fuſee.

Tho'

Tho' his firm heart, of blood, was nearly drain'd!
Reſenting rage, and courage, yet remain'd!
Tho' wounded, left, upon the hoſtile field!
To Indian foes, he greatly ſcorn'd to yield!
For as the ſavage, nearer to him drew,
His ſcorn encreas'd, and reſolution grew!
On one foot poiz'd again, he boldly fir'd:
But fate deny'd, the great event deſir'd!
The Indian's breaſt, receiv'd the miſſive ball:
But ſtill, unſhock'd, as if it ſtruck a wall;
He ſhew'd no ſign of pain, and ſcorn'd to fall!
'Gainſt Peyton, he, the leaden ruin ſent:
Which ah! full ſure, the hero's ſhoulder rent!
Then onward ruſh'd, full of Canadian pride!
His bay'net fleſh'd, and thruſt it thro' his ſide.
The ſecond thruſt, he found himſelf deceiv'd;
Peyton's left hand, the ſanguin'd point receiv'd;
Which ſeiz'd the muſket, with uncommon wrath!
Whilſt his right hand, drew forth the glitt'ring * death.
He play'd again, the brave Hibernian's part;
And plung'd his faithful dagger to his heart!

* Mr. Peyton, luckily wore a dagger.

Now

Now hand, to hand, they join, and face, to face!
And graſp, and ſtruggle, in a cloſe embrace!
For prey, the Indian, ſtill maintain'd the ſtrife:
Peyton, for vict'ry fought, for fame, and life!
He oft his dagger plung'd, and groan'd, and frown'd,
And ſpurn'd th' infernal ſcalper to the ground!

So wounded tygers, on Eaſt Indian plains,
Run down by blacks, and vex'd with pungent pains;
Drop to the ground, and ſeem to pant for breath,
A prey, almoſt, to grim, all conq'ring death:
But on th' approach, of black purſuing foes,
Again reviv'd, their innate courage glows:
Rampant, they rear, and roar, and ſwing their tails;
With deadly fangs, and lacerating nails;
They tear, and kill, and ſtain the place with blood!
Walk growling off! and ſhelter in the wood!
As Peyton limp'd, with cruciating pain,
After he had Canadian ſcalpers ſlain.

A band * of ſavage Indians, now drew near:
But Peyton fac'd, as if forgot to fear.
As if grim death, had brandiſh'd high his dart;
They ſtood aloof, and terror fill'd each heart!
So Ajax turn'd and frown'd at Illium's towr's;
When Grecians fled, from conq'ring Trojan pow'rs;
A living bulwark, in the rear remain'd;
The chaſe retarded, and the charge ſuſtain'd!
The mean foul'd French, ſeem'd on his death intent;
And from the breaſtwork, thund'ring volleys ſent.
Peyton, (as if, invulnerable,) ſtood,
Sedate in pain, their grov'ling rancour view'd.
For Mighty Fate, fruſtrated ſpightful Gauls;
To right, and left, wide flew the hiſſing balls!
As he ſuch wonders, in their ſight had done!
So bravely fought! and dear bought vict'ry won!

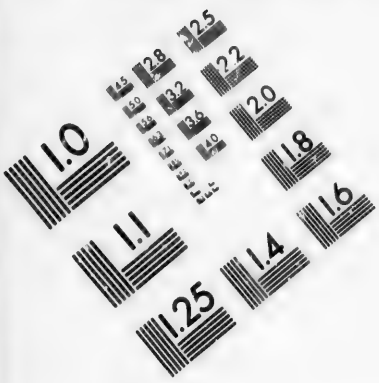
* Theſe were a company of above 30, in full march, to deſtroy him: but when he fac'd about, the foremoſt halted, and waited to be join'd by their fellows, but he kept them all at a diſtance, till three brave Highlanders, (detached from a ſmall party, headed by Capt. Macdonald, a Scotch gentleman,) came to his timely reſcue, and carried him off the field of battle.

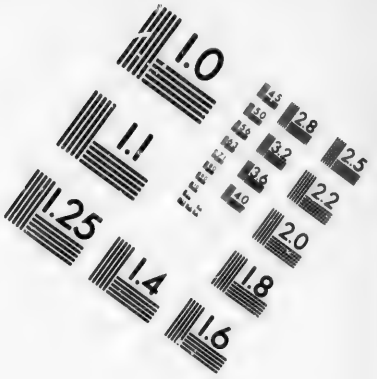
French

French harmleſs cannon, took a random aim!
They roar'd applauſe! and thunder'd loud acclaim!

Macdonald * now, (with emulating flame,)
Amid ſurrounding dangers, fiercely came:
And with his little party, ruſh'd along,
Before him, French and Indians, fearful throng.
As bears, when chas'd, will ſometimes make a ſtand,
And ruſh triumphant, thro' the hunting band;
For ſtolen cubs, with double fury burn!
And ſcatter death, which way ſoe'er they turn!
So for his fall'n friend, Macdonald ſtray'd,
And bore him from the field of battle dead.
As round he turn'd, his anxious buſy ſight,
He ſaw brave Peyton, in diſtreſſed plight:
Sent three fierce Highlanders, acroſs the field;
Who from the ſavages, the hero ſhield.

* Mr Macdonald was a Scotch gentleman, a captain in Col. Frazer's battalion, who came for a young gentleman his ki. f- man, who dropped on the field of battle, and bore him in triumph off, againſt all oppoſition.





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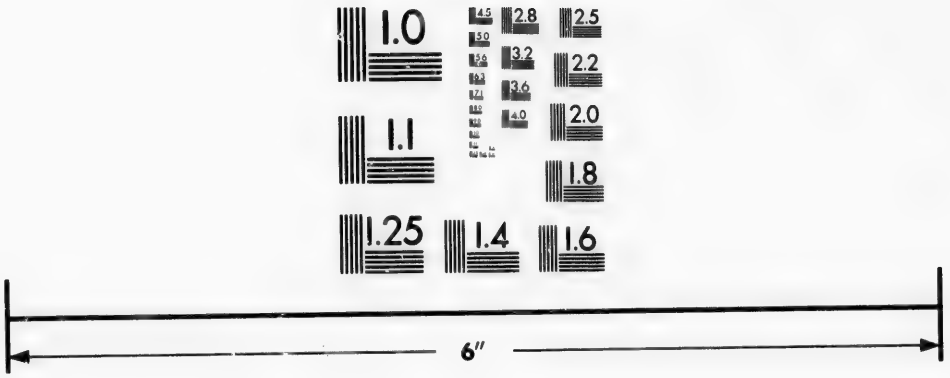

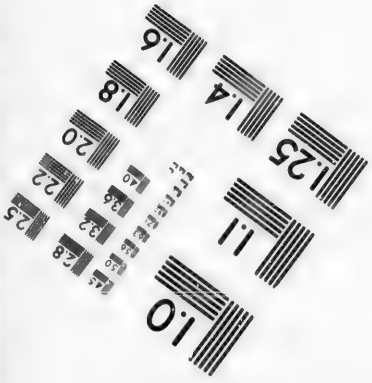

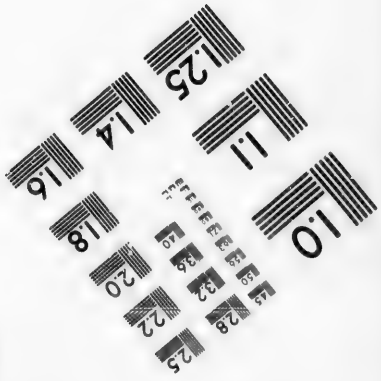

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'Midſt volleys*, flame*, and deaths*, and Gallic* fire;
With him, (triumphant,) from the foes retire!
Like Scipio†, thro' the field, with carnage ſtrow'd;
So he, upon the Scotchman's ſhoulders rode!
Now providence once more, eſpous'd their cauſe;
Again, French cannon, harmleſs roar'd applauſe!

Here brightly ſhines, another glorious ſtrife,
Th' Hibernian‡ ſav'd the Caledonian's‡ life:
And now Macdonald, thirſting after fame,
(From Indian knives,) to Peyton's reſcue came.

**** They were about 60 yards from the enemy's breaſt-work, and troops, who kept a continual fire of cannon, and ſmall arms, on him and them, but they got all triumphant off.

† Young Scipio, took his father on his ſhoulders, when in danger, and carried him thro' the enemy's battle, to a place of ſafety. It may be read in the Carthaginian war.

‡‡ Mr. Peyton at firſt, killed the Indians attempting to kill Capt. Ochterlony; and now Mr. Macdonald, a Scotch Captain, reſcues Mr. Peyton from a party of Indians coming down upon him: the whole ſtory may be read at large, in the Britiſh Magazine of January, 1760.

Repuls'd,

Repuls'd, and vex'd, uncertain of ſupplies;
Wolfe view'd the lofty town, with ardent eyes!
And whilſt he plann'd the methods to prevail,
(Reſolv'd he wou'd the garriſon aſſail;)
His mighty ſoul, within his boſom rag'd,
And war inteſtine, with his body wag'd.
His enterprizing mind, by glory fir'd!
To honour's ſummit, emulous aſpir'd!
His genius active! but his body ſlow!
To counteract, the ſtrong, the Gallic foe!
As guns are worn, by fierce expanding flame;
Reſolves intrepid, ſhook his tender frame!

Tho' firſt, the landing in diſpute was held,
And Britain's troops by numbers were repell'd;
Like hungry lions, (foaming for their prey;)
Our troops again prepare to force their way.
As ev'ry grain, with joint impulſive force,
The bullet urges, in its rapid courſe;

Soldiers*, and ſailors*, join'd againſt the Gauls,
With bombs, and bullets, raz'd the hoſtile walls.
French, and Canadians, under covert get;
Death glances ſwift, along the parapet.
Rais'd up aloft, deſcending death comes down,
Like Egypt's hail, upon the ſubject town!
Which mix'd with fierce æthereal flame around,
Beat man, and beaſt, and cattle to the ground!
So glancing bombs, dance madly thro' the ſtreet:
And with diſploſion fierce, their houſes greet:
Which piece-meal torn, to open view diſplay'd,
The baſes of the ſtrongeſt domes are laid!
Men, women, children, midſt the flame are loſt!
To atoms rent! and into nothing toſt!
With theſe, the flaming carcaſes conſpire,
To ſcatter ruin, and devouring fire!

** It is very remarkable, the union that ſubſiſted between the ſoldiers and ſailors, during the long, tedious, and dangerous ſiege; always ready and active, to ſupport and aſſiſt each other, and ſeem'd never better pleaſed, than when an opportunity offer'd of exerting themſelves for each other: as if fir'd by emulation, who cou'd ſhow themſelves moſt alert, to gain a glorious name, and ſtand with the moſt intrepid ſouls, the greateſt ſhock of danger.

Britiſh,

Britiſh, and Gallic guns, and mortars ſound;
With roar deſtructive, ſhake th' adjacent ground!
Shrieks! groans! and yells! and hoſtile ſhouts!
are heard around!

Such noiſe heard Satan, (that deceiver fell;)
When on the verge of chaos, night, and hell.
With eager ſpeed, they guns, and mortars ply:
And thronging deaths, of lead, and iron fly!
Our troops roar death, againſt the batter'd walls!
And death, receive again, from fretful Gauls!

As moles, to ſubterraneous holes betake;
So engineers, (unſeen,) approaches make:
Prepar'd (like earthquakes, tumid, from below,
To riſe deſtructive, with ſulphureous glow!
And raze the town, and fort, with inſtant overthrow!
Wolfe, and his troops, (with ſlow advances) ſteal,
Towards the town, ſtill anxious to prevail.
Saunders, inceſſant plies his double tiers:
Makes breach, on breach, and multiplies their fears!

With full ten thouſand, Montcalm keeps the trench:
Canadians, mix'd with trembling, tim'rous French!
Quebec holds out, and much ſurrender dreads;
Wolfe ſhakes his flaming veng'ance o'er their heads!
Conſcious of Britiſh blood, by murder ſpilt!
Of treaties broke! and ſportive ſcalping guilt!
Of mothers ripp'd, and helpleſs infants cries!
Which calls for ſweeping judgment from the ſkies!
They roll with gloomy dread, their haggard eyes!

Mean while, brave Amherſt, Johnſton, Rogers, warm
With native zeal, the Continent alarm!
Townſhend, and Bradſtreet, Prideaux, Howe, advance;
With Forbes, Schomberg, 'gainſt the friends of France.
Braddick, and Abercromby, bold, aroſe;
And wag'd unequal war, againſt our foes.

Amherſt

Amherſt drove on, cloath'd in ſtern war's alarms!
And ſpread the terror of Britannia's arms!
(Thro' pathleſs dangers, and thro' deep defiles,)
From ambuſh ſafe, and baſe Canadian wiles;
He paſt victorious, heav'n propitious ſmiles!
So Hannibal, o'er Alpine mountains ſped,
And Carthaginians againſt the Romans led!

Before him forts, towns, corn, and plenty ſtood!
Behind, black deſolation might be view'd!
Bulwarks unmann'd! and trenches drench'd in blood!
Canadian carnage, round the rampiers lay!
And treach'rous Gallic blood, mark'd out his way!
Provincials rage, and Britiſh heroes glow,
For grand revenge, againſt the ſcalping foe!
And like that death, which much fam'd Milton made,
Whom Satan found amid th' infernal ſhade;
And told him ſtraight, he ſhou'd mankind devour,
He bleſs'd his maw, and wiſh'd the happy hour;

Grinn'd horrid ſmiles! and brandiſh'd high his dart!
Prepar'd to ſtrike each living creature's heart!
So theſe rejoice, (inrag'd,) with vengeful gloom!
Anticipate the day, and fix Canadia's doom!
They burn within, with fierce, and martial treads,
Their broad ſwords draw, and wave 'em o'er their heads!
They knit their brows, and with a ſtern diſdain,
They frown defiance thro' the hoſtile plain!
For ſavage Montcalm, in their minds remain'd,
Who tamely ſtood, while Gallic Indians ſtain'd
With Britiſh conquer'd blood, Fort William's * plains,
Ripp'd mothers up, and daſh'd out infants brains!

As

* When Fort William, (as well as I can remember,) was taken in America, by Monſieur Montcalm, after the ſurrender of the fort, and our troops were marching out, (according to capitulation:) the Indians fell upon our ſoldiers, as they paſſed on, with their wives and children, and began to knock down, ſtrip, and butcher, men, women, and children, promiſcuouſly! whilſt Monſieur Montcalm, and the French troops, ſtood and looked tamely on the diſperſion! confuſion! and carnage of the Engliſh! and on being aſked by ſome gentlemen, (who fled to them, and claim'd their protection,) why they ſuffered this outrage, and cruelty? Montcalm, anſwered them in a frivolous manner, ſomething to this purport: that they were a deſperate, ſavage ſort of people; ſcarcely to be kept within bounds; their good friends and allies, ſerved them for what plunder they could get; and claimed it as their due; (tho' ſore againſt his will;) and

As when fierce tygers roar amid the wood,
Hunting for prey, full ſcent on human blood;
The trav'ller hears, and wing'd with dread ſurprize!
To diſtant ſhelter, for his ſafety flies!
So veng'ance Amherſt roar'd, the French and Indians creep,
To woods, and caves, and forts, like flocks of tim'rous ſheep!

Now on the wings of time, the morn appear'd,
Whoſe dread approach, Quebec ſo greatly fear'd.
When Montcalm, and his troops, ſhou'd quit the field:
To Monckton, Wolfe, and Townſhend, vanquiſh'd yield!

and as the caſe ſtood, they being ſo reſolute, and ungovernable, he could not well tell how to reſtrain them. However, ſeveral who eſcaped in the general tumult, fled back to him, and had the great humanity ſhown them, to be preſerved from butchery. Whilſt the Indians, ſtill continued to glut themſelves, in plundering, ſcalping, ripping womens bodies, and daſhing childrens brains out! at leaſt, if all this was not done there; it was done at other places ſeveral times.

The

The martial trine, aſcend the hoſtile hill,
The troops inſpir'd, a manly ardour feel!
They clamber up, the aſcent, rough, and ſteep;
Retarded oft, and oft times forc'd to creep!
From bough, to bough, themſelves they onward drew;
Their reſolution, with the danger grew!
Moſt nobly rouz'd, to act beyond compare!
And ſhow the world, how much true Britons dare!
To give the French, another ſpecimen,
Like Poictiers, Creſſy, Blenheim, Dettingen!
And like the (ſturdy,) Britiſh troops of old;
With whom the Henrys oft the Gauls controul'd;
Onward they trod, with great heroic glow,
To hew thro' ſquadrons of the num'rous foe!
Who from a four gun fort, to flight betake,
As Wolfe, and Monckton, their approaches make;
With which our troops, the flying Frenchmen rake!

Rapid as torrents, when they downward ſweep!
Howe, and his corps, aſcend the rocky ſteep,

They

They clear'd the path, the guards diſlodg'd purſu'd,
And all our troops upon the ſummit ſtood.
There undiſturb'd they rang'd, in dread array!
E'er Phœbus thither roll'd the car of day.

Their near approach, alarm'd the threaten'd town,
And now, death wore, a formidable frown!
He fill'd the battlements of hoſtile walls;
To right, and left ſuſtain'd, by troops of Gauls!
Canadians black, fill'd up the howling rear:
And female ſhrieks, and tremor, and pale fear;
And ſhatter'd flaming domes, cloſe at their heels appear!

Now Montcalm, dares t' evacuate the trench:
(Six thouſand Britons brave, ten thouſand French.)
Montcalm, whoſe name is brought, by fame, from far;
In battle brave! and much expert in war!

On

On whom, all France, and Lewis, had an eye;
On whoſe try'd conduct, chiefly they rely!
Montcalm! who had ſo long, great Wolfe with-
ſtood;
And as a dam, repels a mighty flood;
(Well vers'd in war, back'd by Canadian force,
Stopp'd the brave warrior, in his rapid courſe!
Thus at a bay, retarded, not repell'd;
Cape Breton's ſcourge, and England's troops were
held!

Nought can the will of mighty fate oppoſe;
For Montcalm dares, and Wolfe with ardour glows!
The hour is come, and now their eager feet!
Advance with ſpeed, in fierce aſſault to meet;
And with a hoſtile frown, each other greet!
So Anthony, dar'd Ceſar once t' oppoſe;
And ne'er ſince then, till now, met two ſuch foes!

At ſtake, on fortune of the doubtful day,
Canadia's weal, and Britain's honour lay.

Tho'

Tho' the ſpruce Gauls, and Indians, rudely ſneer'd,
And aſk'd how Wolfe, and his eight thouſand dar'd,
To come ſo far, againſt their ſtrong Quebec;
Drawn by fond hope, to give their arms a check?
Adviſ'd he'd go, and this for truth report;
I can't attack, much leſs reduce the fort;
For Montcalm occupies the hoſtile plain;
Whoſe camp I cannot force**, nor charge* ſuſtain!
Wolfe, like a lion growl'd, when held at bay;
And roar'd an anſwer, on this fatal day.

** On the arrival of Admiral Saunders, with General Wolfe, and the troops near Quebec, when the French underſtood he had bnt 8000 troops with him, it is reported, they almoſt ſneer'd at him with diſdain; confiding in the lofty, and ſtrong ſituation of the place; and the almoſt double number of regulars, they had entrench'd near the town, at the only attackable ſpot, under a bold, enterpriſing, and fortunate General; Monſieur de Montcalm, and aſked where he had left the keys of Quebec? and in a taunting manner, wou'd have him return, and aſk his king for them; for he cou'd not force the bars of their gates: not daring to approach near enough, becauſe Monſieur de Montcalm occupied the vacant plain, and formed a living outwork round their rampart, too dreadful for his near approaches; and before whoſe war he cou'd not ſtand, if he choſe to evacuate the trenches, and give him battle! but how contrary, the great, (and almoſt unhoped for) event, of all theſe vaunts was, every one is ſo well acquainted with it, that it needs no recital here. And I wiſh I could ſay, needs no grief, for the loſs of ſo great a patriot, and brave commander.

With

With reſted arms, behold our troops advance,
To meet the coming num'rous troops of France.
The Highlanders diſcharg'd, their broad ſwords drew;
And cloſe to battle, with the Frenchmen flew!
The reſt, as fiercely charg'd the troops of Gaul:
When lo. Wolfe's wriſt, was broken by a ball.
(Sound was his heart,) he wrapp'd it up undreſt!
And (unconcern'd) among the foremoſt preſt!
Like to a lion, whom the dogs ſurround,
By hunters vex'd, and rouz'd by painful wound;
The fearleſs beaſt, does all their terrors dare,
He growls, and foams, and ſhakes his ſhaggy hair!
Aloft they ſtand, nor dare provoke the fight;
He roars aloud, with new collected might!
With rage indignant now, his tail he ſwings!
He looks! and in a ſtorm of death he ſprings!
O'er dogs, and horſe, and men, his courſe is bent'
Whoſe bodies ſtrew the way, the gen'rous ſavage went!

Thus

Thus with a rage, moſt lion like, he turn'd!
His indignation, 'gainſt the Frenchmen burn'd!
So Wolfe, and Britons, pierc'd the French array!
And breathleſs carcaſes point out his way!
Where-e'er he turns, death finds an ample prey!
Thouſands recede, and thoſe who dare to ſtand,
Are hewn in lanes, by his victorious band!

A wound, e'er long, a ſecond bullet gave,
And in his belly, dug a ſanguin'd grave.
(Fearing his wounds might ſpread a wild diſmay!
And fix the dubious fortune of the day:)
With well diſſembled eaſe, he onward trod,
Whilſt crimſon'd life, (unſeen,) in torrents flow'd!
In that dread fight! at fam'd Thermopylæ!
So * ebb'd the Spartan's ſtream of life away!

Whilſt

* Long after Leonidas, (the gallant king of Lacedæmon, in the battle at the paſs of Thermopylæ,) had received a wound in his flank; he ſtill ruſh'd on, bore nations down! thinn'd the thick wedg'd growing ranks of Barbarians! and roll'd the Aſian

Whilſt he alone, (with hoſtile hoſts inclos'd,)
Hew'd waſteful voids! and all their pow'r oppos'd!
Who, (tho' a king, in freedom's glorious cauſe,)
Fell a glad victim, for his country's laws!
Millions of thronging darts, obſcur'd the ſkies!
He falls, all o'er one wound, no more to riſe!
Fixt as a rock, his fame! his honour never dies!
So bleeding Wolfe march'd, on without diſmay!
To glory's goal, he mark'd his purple way!

But ah! alas! 'gainſt fate, what proof is found!
His manly breaſt, receives a mortal wound!
Tho' ſinking down, amid the gloom of death,
The patriot's boſom glow'd with martial wrath!
And whilſt the ſhades of night upon him ſteal,
Moſt anxiouſly demands, Do we prevail?
He heard we did, and e'er the hero dy'd,
He own'd himſelf compleatly ſatisfy'd!

Aſian legions back confounded, with his impetuous charge! till faint with loſs of blood, and pain, his body throng'd with wounds, o'erwearied with the long continued battle, almoſt fated with ſlaughter, and born down by millions, he fell, a noble inſtance of that magnanimity, with which the ſpirit of freedom animates a patriot's ſoul!

Cato,

Cato, ſelf wounded dy'd, and ſcorn'd to yield:
But Wolfe, was ſlain, amid the glorious field!
Th' unwelcome fatal news, to England flies;
And whilſt the loud acclaims of joy ariſe,
For conqueſt, on Canadia's cruel ſhore;
They mourn the hero, and his loſs deplore!
Maternal fondneſs, heart felt grief expreſs'd!
And all the mother, ſtood to view confeſs'd!
Fondly abſorpt! ſhe ſeem'd, in briny woe!
And ſympathizing Britain felt the blow!
The mighty, warlike GEORGE, too condeſcends,
To own his worth, and royal pity blends!
Then ſigh'd, the much renowned Ligonier!
Heroes hold heroes, eminently dear!
The much lov'd Pitt, his eloquence diſplay'd,
In due encomiums, on the worthy dead!
Such was his rhet'rick! ſuch the force of truth!
So great the actions of the gen'ral's youth!
In lords, and commons, ſuch the grateful flame!
They vote a monument of laſting fame!
With glorious truth, his honour to diſplay!
Till marble blocks, (themſelves,) ſhall fade away!

The living leaders, gain'd a due regard!
Brunſwick applauds! and Britain ſhouts reward!
Each patriot mourn'd! each warring leader ſigh'd!
E'en cowards griev'd, when Wolfe, the hero dy'd.
Among the fair ones, plaintive murmurs ran;
We've loſt the ſoldier! warrior! gentleman!
A ſullen gloom, invades the Engliſh coaſt,
One of our brighteſt conſtellations loſt!
Yet from our ſouls, he never ſhall depart;
Moſt glorioufly intomb'd in ev'ry heart!
The Plebeian * crowd, a grateful ardour felt;
And nobly, with his mournful parent dealt
Adjacent great ones *, ſcorn'd to be outdone,
Politely perfive, mourn'd her worthy ſon:
No fires * there blaz'd! nor bright illuminations ſhone!
But all in ſecret, (with accuſtom'd light,)
Pity, applaud, and oft recount the fight!

*** I often heard it reported, that the common people, (when news came that Quebec was taken, and General Wolfe killed;) generouſly refus'd to ring, make any bonfires, or any kind of tumultous joy, where General Wolfe's mother lived; and that the people of ſuperior rank around her, as politely and generouſly refuſed to make an illumination; but ſullenly ſeem'd to ſympathize, and ſhare her grief. A noble generoſity!

To neighb'ring nations, this your fame ſhall ſound,
In ſad regret, the gen'ral joy was drown'd.
This ſhow'd your value for the patriot more,
Than blazing joy, join'd with deep throated roar.
By ſtriplings (now,) in future days grown old,
This pleaſing tale, ſhall to their ſons be told;
Whilſt Wolfe's ſad mother, for her darling wept,
The tumult round her dome, in mute oblivion ſlept!

Hail happy woman! mother of a ſon!
Who may be equall'd! never be outdone!
This be thy boaſt, thy ſon, (Britannia's pride!)
Like great Leonidas *, and Titus † dy'd!

* Leonidas was a Spartan king, deſcended from Hercules; who offered to ſacrifice his life, that Lacedæmon might not be entirely deſtroyed by Xerxes, who made an attack upon their countries and liberties, with an army of about four or five millions: and as the Delphic oracle had foretold, a king deſcended from Hercules muſt die, to preſerve their country; Leonidas immediately repaired to that important paſs, of the much famed Thermopylæ, with three hundred of his countrymen; who, with the forces of ſome other cities of the Peloponneſus, together with the Thebans, Theſpians, and the troops of thoſe ſtates;

Their dying arms, gave num'rous foes a check!
Thy dying ſon, was conq'ror at Quebec!
At noon of life, his glory's race was run!
Bright as meridian blaze, his ſetting ſun!
England will ever hold his mem'ry dear!
From age, to age, the name of Wolfe revere!

For Wolfe firſt roſe, and with a dreaded frown,
Ruſh'd on the Gauls, and preſs'd toward the town!

ſtates; compoſed an army, of near eight thouſand men. With theſe he oft engaged, ſlew, trod down, and chaſed the Aſians! who might be called a hoſt of armies! but for the laſt fatal encounter, he reſerved only about fourteen hundred with him, viz. about three hundred Spartans; four hundred Thebans; and ſeven hundred Theſpians. With theſe he moſt bravely attacked the camp of Xerxes, forced his way to the royal pavilion! burnt half the camp! and made an incredible ſlaughter! but at length he fell, overpowered by millions! not till he might almoſt be called a conqueror, even in the center of the enemy's camp.

† Titus was a young Roman warrior, ſon to Æmilius, conſul of Rome, and governor of Aquileia; and endued with that magnanimity, and ſpirit of freedom, and valour, for which the antient Romans were ſo much famed. He made a vigorous ſally on the camp of Maximin; ſuſtained by his brother Paulus, and the valiant Gartha, a Numidian officer in the troops of Æmilius. Gartha returned wounded from the battle: Paulus and Titus, the two brothers, were ſurrounded by an hoſt of foes; born down, and taken priſoners; not till they had formed an heap of carnage round them, and burnt the tower raiſed againſt the wall of Aquileia. But by means of the impetuous rage of the Britiſh legions, in the camp of Maximin, headed by Varus, whom Maximin ſlew; they were ſet at liberty, and Titus at the head of their reſiſtleſs war, ſlew Maximin. But e'er the battle cloſed, received his mortal wound, and died in Aquileia.

And

And with his little army, dar'd advance,
Againſt ten thouſand regulars of France.
(With many Indian tribes, drawn from afar,
For ſcalping, ambuſh, and the butch'ring war.
But theſe, to combat fair, ſcarce ever dar'd,
Where biting Caledonian broad ſwords glar'd.
To ambuſcades they run, in ſhade they lie;
Nor ſtand the light'ning of an Engliſh eye!)

As billows ſpread, when daſhing on a rock;
(Which ſtands unmov'd, amid the pond'rous ſhock;)
They fall in froth, and foam on ev'ry ſide,
Blended, and loſt, amidſt the briny tide.
So when their troops, our frowning troops beheld;
Receiv'd their ſhock, and found themſelves repell'd;
And ſaw fierce Highlanders, their broad ſwords wield!
They ſoon fell off, diſorder'd, thro' the field!
Now fell brave Wolfe! whoſe preſence oft inſpir'd
With emulating glow! and ev'ry warrior fir'd!

The brave defenders of Britannia's weal;
Which fought round Wolfe, and ſaw grim death prevail,
Rous'd by eſteem, and love! with mighty rage!
Prepar'd moſt fiercely, with the foe t' engage!
Each lov'd the man! the warrior all eſteem'd!
Their leader! friend! and martial! father deem'd!
Revenge! revenge! injur'd Britannia calls!
As mighty cat'racts roar from lofty falls!
They ſhout! unite! and ruſh upon the Gauls!
And like a pond'rous overwhelming flood!
They ſwept along! and glutted death with food!
And Frenchmen mourn'd Wolfe's fall, in ſtreams of blood!

Howe, and his infantry*, amidſt the doubtful field,
Round the left flank, and rear, in ſemicircle wheel'd;
A living rampart form'd, a fierce offenſive ſhield!

* It is ſaid, in an account of the battle, that Col. Howe with his light infantry, covered the left wing and rear in ſuch a manner, as entirely to fruſtrate the attempts of the enemy's Indians, and Canadians, upon that flank.

By

By theſe, the charging enemy, were oft repell'd;
Broken, diſpers'd, o'eraw'd, and at due diſtance held!
Or down in carnage trod, in cloſe engagement fell'd!

E'er Gallia's troops, to wild diſorder yield;
Reluctant next, brave Monckton quits the field.
Oft frowning turn'd, and ey'd the hoſtile Gauls;
Like great Eneas, near Laurentum's walls.
Soldiers, and ſailors, jointly, all agreed,
Bold Monckton wou'd have done, what Townſhend did.
Did Townſhend's boſom, glow with martial flame,
Monckton had ardour, equal to the ſame.
Did Townſhend brave th' impetuous Gallic wrath!
So Monckton dar'd! midſt ſhow'rs of leaden death!
Was Townſhend there, a Gen'ral in command,
In that exalted rank, might Monckton ſtand.
Was honour, death, or victʼry, Townſhend's aim!
Conqueſt, or death, was gallant Monckton's claim!

Each with indiff'rence, hoſtile dangers view'd;
And the great end, with ſouls reſolv'd purſu'd.
Monckton led on, to fierce encounter bent;
Till thro' his lungs, the rapid ball was ſent.
Th' ill fated bullet, nipt his ſoul's deſign,
And ſent him wounded, from th' advancing line.
He fain wou'd reap the honour of the day;
But fate demands him from the glorious fray!

As fierce Achilles, on the Phrygian plain,
When brave Patroclus, was by Hector ſlain;
And ſage Ulyſſes, from the battle ſent,
Came limping, wounded, near the hero's tent;
Frowning ruſh'd on, in mighty tranſport toſt!
And with his pow'rs, rejoin'd the friendly hoſt!
He, and his myrmidons, like torrents flow'd!
Repell'd! bore down! and o'er the Trojans trod!
So Townſhend, and his troops, to battle throng!
And urge the war, triumphantly along!

Here Townſhend's ſkill, and heroiſm ſhone!
Two Gen'rals dropp'd, and he was left alone,
To lead, encourage, cheer each ſoldier's mind!
A work, ev'n three, an arduous taſk wou'd find!

Howe! Murray! Fraſer! Burton! Dalling, bold!
Like ſparkling gems, in bars of poliſh'd gold,
'Mongſt hardy ranks, conſpicuouſly appear!
In front, in flanks, the center, or the rear!
Macdonald! Ince! with equal glory ſhine!
Fam'd in the glorious war of fifty nine!
Leaders, and ſoldiers, with one warring ſoul,
Thro' blood, and flame, and death to honour's gaol,
Onward they plung'd, with veng'ance fiercely pleas'd!
With ſanguin'd graſp'd, the palm of vict'ry ſeiz'd!
The dying Wolfe, the ſhouts of conqueſt heard!
The welcome ſound, the bleeding Monckton chear'd!

As when a gen'rous bull, has broke his chain,
Lays heaps, on heaps, o'er all the frighted plain,

Sweeps

Sweeps thro' the throng, and with reſiſtleſs wrath,
Spurns, toſſes, gores, and tramples crowds to death!
So, thro' the ranks of war, Macpherſon hew'd!
With martial ſoul, and manly arm endu'd!
Tho' with the weight of weak'ning years oppreſt,
Finds youthful ardour glowing in his breaſt!
That weight of years, no longer ſeems to feel;
But deals out death, with bright avenging ſteel!
Or as the Sons of Scotland, once before,
When they deſcended on Cape Breton's ſhore;
Forc'd thro' the French, with fierce Herculean
might,
And triumph'd 'midſt the dangers of the fight!
He lifts his ſword, and with repeated blow,
As peaſants thro' a field of barley mow,
He lays the Gauls in heaps, in ſanguin'd over-
throw!
This ſaw our troops, and quick, from man, to man,
(As trains of powder blaze,) an ardour ran!
Grown greatly emulous, (with fixed thought,)
Each like a Hector, or Achilles fought!

The

The Anſtruthers and Scots, with mutual wrath!
In Frenchmens bodies oft, their broad ſwords ſheath!
And onward tread, 'mid refulgent death!
Where'er they turn'd, a tranſient brightneſs gleam'd;
Which like th' aurora borealis ſeem'd!

Mean while, each diff'rent corps for fight addreſt;
With fixed bayonets, to ſtand the teſt.
As bolts, and lightnings, rive the knotted oak,
Thro' thick throng'd ranks, of charging French men broke!
As they grew warm, the Frenchmens hearts grew cold,
Platoons of ſoldiers, o'er the leaders roll'd!
Before the Engliſh charge, (with Gallic dread,)
Cohorts receding tumbled o'er the dead!

Battalions,

Battalions, and brigades, were * throng'd with ſouls
transfix'd!
In heaps, the fighting, wounded, dying, dead,
were mix'd!
And as in whirlwinds, on Arabia's coaſt,
(Amid ſurprize!) whole caravans are loſt!
So theſe born down, before the Britiſh might,
(Involv'd in fear,) their ſafety ſought in flight.

Now Montcalm flees, amidſt a total rout!
(Canadians yell! and conq'ring Britons ſhout!
And ſpread tumultous terror round about!
He thought, (like floods, when ſwoln by heavy
ſhow'rs,)
Begirt with Gauls, and black Canadian pow'rs,
To ſweep triumphant, o'er the Indian plains;
Gave ſavage rage, and cruelty the reins.
The mighty pond'rous taſk, he could not wield;
Nor cou'd Quebec from Albion's thunder ſhield!

* It is ſaid, in one deſcription of the battle, that the French troops, oft throng'd in heaps, at the repeated charges of our infantry; till at length they ſcatter'd, and commenc'd a total rout, in the uſual French manner, full ſpee to the town.

Wolfe,

Wolfe, and his ſeconds, flung him vanquiſh'd down!
And chas'd his troops, diſorder'd to the town!

Now death, with implements, was amply ſtor'd;
Lurk'd in a halbert, pike, ſpontoon, or ſword.
In guns, and piſtols too, he oft was found!
And flaſh'd out fate, with moſt unwelcome ſound!
And oft, a broad ſword, gave the deadly wound!

Bougainville's * corps, now threaten'd in the rear,
Freſh troops, with formidable front appear.
As if they wou'd, the nice occaſion catch,
And from our troops, the infant vict'ry ſnatch.
To take their charge, and their deſign to mar,
Ours fac'd about, and met the coming war:

* M. de Bougainville, whom the feign'd movements of the Engliſh troops, had drawn up the river, turn'd back on diſcovering their real deſign; and now appear'd on the rear of the army, with a body of 2000 men. But fortunately, the main body of the French, was by this time ſo broken and diſperſed, that the General was able to eſtabliſh his rear, and to turn ſuch an oppoſition on that ſide, that the enemy retir'd after a very feeble attempt.

With

With efforts weak, they faintly ſtood the teſt;
Soon wheel'd, retir'd, and ran to join the reſt.

The angry warriors, throng towards the town!
Midſt flame! and blood! and groans! tread French-
men down!
Quite to the ditch, beneath Quebec's ſtrong walls!
They chas'd! ran down! and kill'd the trembling
Gauls!
The town ſubmitted, ſtruck with dread ſurprize!
Aloft the croſs, the Britiſh enſign flies!
There may it fly! there Britiſh cannon roar!
Till wolves leave prey! and Gauls deceive no more!
Amen.

ON that great day, Wolfe's warring ſpirit fled!
And Monckon, for his King, and Country bled!
When conq'ring Townſhend, chac'd the flying Gauls!
And terror ſhook, Quebec's exalted walls!
Whilſt leading fiercely on, to toilſome fight,
Cohorts of heroes, 'gainſt unequal might.
A brave old man, judicious Townſhend ey'd;
Mark'd how his ſword, with Gallic crimſon dy'd,
Roſe like a comet *, with his flaming train!
And glar'd deſtruction thro' the hoſtile plain!
How oft alternate * roſe! how oft it ſet!
And ſetting, fell'd a Frenchman * at his feet!
Saw him behind the heaps of ſlain retire,
To breathe awhile *, and with collected ire,
Saw him again, addreſs himſelf to fight;
Hew*! and tread down! and put the foe to flight!

He

***** In the battle, before the town of Quebec; we had an account, of Malcolm Macpherſon, a brave old Highlander, whom

He ſmil'd, o'erjoy'd! to ſee th' old man advance
Amid the carnage, of deceitful France!
With pleaſing horror! view'd the heaps of dead,
Around the worthy Caledonian ſpread!

whom General Townſend obſerv'd, (after the Generals, Wolfe, and Monckton, were carried out of the line,) laying about him with uncommon fury; and likewiſe, (tho' he ſo often lifted his ſword, he ſcarce dealt a blow in vain: but at every ſtroke, he fell'd a Frenchman at his feet! the account further ſays, that General Townſhend mark'd when he retir'd behind the heaps of ſlain, (lain dead by his own hand,) to breathe awhile, as if glutted with deſtruction! and ſatiated with ſlaughter! and ſaw him pull off his coat, or jacket, and with an heroic ardour, glowing anew, (like an active flame, which had juſt overcome all oppoſition,) hew his way thro' thick throng'd obſtructing ranks of Frenchmen! bearing down, or putting to flight, whoe'er came within the ſemi-zone, form'd by his tremendous ſword! after the battle, General Townſhend aſk'd his name, age, and place of abode, or country. He anſwer'd, his name was Macpherſon: came from the Highlands of Scotland; and his age was ſeventy-two. The ſword he then fought with, had been in the family about three hundred years: he eſteem'd it almoſt as his life; and ſeem'd exceedingly alert! and well pleas'd! that he had us'd it on that memorable day ſo well, againſt the enemies of Caledonia! General Townſhend, inſpir'd with noble ſentiments of the brave old hero's worth, reported his gallant behaviour to his Majeſty; and ſeconded it with the honeſt rhetorick of a great ſoul'd commander, and a gentleman ſoldier! and it is well known, in all the Britiſh dominions, ſuch his Majeſty loves; who not forgetting the martial fire of his own youth! (of which Dettingen remains a glorious inſtance!) gave him his royal favour, and a commiſſion; by which he is for the future, intitled to the character of Malcolm Macpherſon, Gent. And it is ſaid, the people of London were not behind hand, in their gratitude; but when he paſs'd, wou'd cry out with a pleaſing exclamation! there goes the gallant Scotchman! the intrepid Highlander! who laid the French in heaps, at the battle of Quebec! God bleſs the brave old boy, with his broad ſword! &c.

Conceiv'd

Conceiv'd him ſtraight the terror of the day!
Deſign'd by fate, to glut grim death with prey!

The battle o'er, our troops return'd from chace;
Townſhend demands his age, his name, and place.
Stern he reply'd! Macpherſon is my name!
From Scotia's hills, a volunteer I came.
Years, ſeventy-two, their influence have ſhed,
And roll'd ſucceſſive, o'er my hoary head.
This ſword I wield, now ſtain'd with hoſtile gore,
For near three hundred years, my fathers wore;
Good northern temper'd ſteel! a truſty blade!
With which my anceſtors great havoc made!
This I hold dear! this as my life I prize!
(And terrors glanc'd from both the warrior's eyes!)

This Royal GEORGE, from Townſhend, quickly knew;
Who gave the brave old hero all his due!

Our martial King, beſtows on him regard,
Gives Royal Favour, and a great reward!
Applauding crowds, with joy! his worth proclaim!
And grateful Britain, ecchoes back his fame;

Gallia, no more, we'll threat with hoſtile frown,
For GEORGE's ſmiles can pull her grandeur down.
Approving Majeſty, her ſchemes can marr,
And rouze our troops, to glory, and to war!
Whilſt with the royal ſmile, their labour's crown'd,
In each platoon, ſome heroes will be found!

End of BOOK III.

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The

The ARGUMENT.

Conflans ſails from Breſt, to invade England. Chaſes Commodore Duff's ſquadron. The Chatham, Capt. Lockhart, aſtern of the fleet, near being taken. His anxiety during the chace: but on ſeeing Admiral Hawke's fleet, tacks upon the chaſing enemy, (who ſtagger'd in their reſolutions,) and begins the chace himſelf. Admiral Hawke bearing down into the center of the French fleet, ſinking the Superbe, and attacking Admiral Conflans; who flees, and runs on ſhore.

Capt. Speke, in the Reſolution, attacking and taking the Formidable, the French rear Admiral.

Lord Howe, in the Magnanimme, attacking, overpowering, and driving on ſhore the Heros.

The Hon. Auguſtus Keppel, in the Torbay, attacking and ſinking the Theſee.

Capt. Baird, in the Defiance.

Capt. Shirley, in the Kingſton.

Capt. Mapleſden, in the Intrepid.

Sir John Bentley, in the Warſpight.

Capt. Storr, in the Revenge.

Capt. Rowley, in the Montague.

Capt. Gambier, in the Burford.

Capt. Dennis, in the Dorſetſhire; and

Capt. Obrien, in the Eſſex; all bearing down to Admiral Hawke's aſſiſtance, and engaging.

The anxiety of the reſt of the Captains aſtern, who cou'd not poſſibly come into the engagement; crouding ſail, and driving down to battle! the rout! diſperſion! and flight of the French fleet, on ſhore, up the river Villaine, &c. Great Britain's joy! and Gallia in tears! as the conſequence of the engagement.

WAR:

WAR:

BOOK IV.

GALLIA's ill fate, ſtill mightily prevails;
See, next from Breſt, invading Conflans ſails;
Of conqueſt dreams, and England over-run;
Like Phæton, mounts the chariot* of the ſun*:
Like him, (triumphant,) wrapp'd in Gallic blaze,
He thought t' have drown'd Britannia in amaze!
But met Hawke's glance, and retrograde retir'd,
And ignis fatuus like, his flame expir'd.
This Lewis, ſuits thy ſchemes on Britain's ſhore,
Thyſelf, thy leaders led, by Pompadour.

** Le Soleil Royal, in Engliſh, the Royal Sun. And in Ovid's Metarphoſes, we have Phæton driving the chariot of the Sun, and daſh'd from the ſeat by Jupiter.

When firſt from Breſt, the threat'ning Conflans ſail'd,
(In naval war,) he ſeemingly prevail'd:
He crouded * after Duff †, with eager chace,
Which train'd him on to Hawke, and French diſ-
grace!

* It is a common term at ſea; when ſhips are in full chace, and make what ſail they can, that they crouded one after another, with all the ſail they cou'd pack.

† When Admiral Hawke, with the Britiſh fleet, firſt came in ſight of Monſieur Conflans, and the French fleet; he was in full chace of Commodore Duff, and his little ſquadron of frigates, &c. with the Chatham, Capt. Lockhart among them. The Chatham was aſtern of our fleet, and very near the enemy, and conſequently, not making that ſpeed off, the frigates, and the reſt of the fleet did, he muſt ſoon have fall'n into the hands of the enemy; without ſome friendly aſſiſtance from larger ſhips, with heavier metal, than what Duff's ſquadron carried; and which in that circumſtance, he cou'd ſcarce flatter himſelf ſhou'd arrive ſo ſoon, (and even unexpectedly,) as it did to England's and his great joy! brave Hawke's honour! and thoſe bold commanders which were with him! and to the great loſs and infamy of Conflans, and the Gallic nation! for had not Admiral Hawke arrived to his aſſiſtance, the moſt romantic perſon living, (with the leaſt ſhew of reaſon,) cou'd not have expected Capt. Lockhart, to have begun a deſperate, (and I may ſay hopeleſs) engagement, with the firſt ſhip that ſhou'd have come up with him; when there were twenty-one ſail of line of battle ſhips, bearing down upon him, with three Admirals. But ſo ſoon as Admiral Hawke, and the Engliſh fleet appear'd, he tack'd immediately on the headmoſt ſhips of the chaſing enemy; ſingled out the Heros, which had been a little ſhattered by ſome of our ſhips, as they paſs'd, and gave her two broadſides, e'er ſhe ſtruck to the Magnanime, Lord Howe, who bore down to cloſe engagement with her; and to whom ſhe ſtruck, but afterwards went on ſhore.

Lockhart,

Lockhart, who oft had wond'rous odds oppos'd!
Now deigns to flee, by hoſtile odds inclos'd!
In iron wombs, th' unequal war drew near!
Reaſon ſuggeſts his flight, but not his fear.
Had Conflan's ſelf, the Chatham chas'd alone,
Let Britons judge, what Lockhart wou'd have done!
Perhaps that day, ſuch deeds had been atchiev'd,
England might boaſt! tho' France, and Britain griev'd!
But now he flees, yet with a ſullen frown,
He ey'd the fleet, to battle bearing down!
Oft he reſolv'd to fight, with wonted glow!
As oft reſolv'd, to flee before the foe!
Reaſon, and courage, fill'd him with regret!
Like wind, and tide, in raging conflict met!

So flees the lion's cub, toward the den,
From deep mouth'd dogs, and troops of armed men:

Promiſcuous cries, and ſhouts, his ears aſſail;
Againſt his mighty ſides, he ſwings his tail!
Indignant growls! collected, turns to fight!
Again recedes and makes a tardy flight.
But now the fire, comes roaring thro' the plain!
He turns, attacks the foremoſt of the train!
(Wrath fills his eyes! aloft his tail is rear'd!)
So when to view, Great Britain's fleet appear'd;
Lockhart, with wonted rage, and fierce delight!
Mark'd out the Gallic Hero * for the fight!
Stung with diſdain to flee, tho' fleets gave chace;
He long'd to wipe away the late diſgrace;
To battle tack'd, upon the chaſing Gauls;
And ſent in thund'ring ſhow'rs, his daſhing balls!
Gave iron proof, urg'd home! convinc'd the enemy,
'Twas mighty odds, mov'd his intrepid ſoul to flee!

* The French ſhip Heros, to which he gave two broadſides before ſhe ſtruck, to the Magnanime; Lord Howe, and who engag'd her, and to whom ſhe ſtruck.

No ſooner Hawke, ſaluted Conflans's ſight,
His ſlacken'd ſails, hung ſhiv'ring * in affright!
Like their commander's, ev'ry ſhip appear'd;
And flutt'ring * ſails flapp'd out, what Frenchmen
fear'd!
The chace of Duff, they ſeemingly repine,
And diſconcerted, drew into a line!

* Whoever has been on the ſea, doubtleſs hath obſerv'd, that when a ſhip luffs up, (as the ſailors call it, that is braces about,) with her head to the wind, with an intent to lye by, (as they term it.) The topſails, and courſers, ſhiver in the wind, and flap againſt the maſts, ſhrouds, &c. as the ſhip plunges, and rolls, for want of a proper head way thro' the water. So Conflans, and his fleet, when they hove too; the ſhips might be ſaid to expreſs their terror: on account of the agitation of their hulls, and the tremor, and ſhiv'ring of their ſails: (as trembling is generally allow'd to be a true ſign of fear.) And they might be ſaid to be in fear, on another account; for it was obſerved, that they drew into a ſort of a diſorder'd line, and ſeem'd quite confus'd! like a man on the brink of an impending precipice, below which, the rugged rocks riſe in dreadful ſpires, and he condemn'd to plunge precipitate from thence. So Conflans, and his fleet, by their behaviour, ſeem'd to fluctuate in their intentions; as if afraid to fight! aſham'd to run! and dreading the conſequence of an equal number of line of battle ſhips, bearing down upon them! mann'd with Engliſhmen! and arm'd with engines, whoſe wombs were pregnant with flaming roar! with iron, and with leaden death! ready to burſt from ev'ry ſide, and cruſh their navy in oblivion! and I think the event fully declar'd what their intentions were, by their behaviour, when the battle began: greateſt part of them running away like a terrify'd brood of chickens, from a Hawk, which ſouſes near them, and ſcarce ſtaying even to fight their way; but made what ſpeed they cou'd on ſhore, up the river Villaine, &c.

They

They ſeem'd to ſee their rout, and overthrow,
Whilſt waiting for the formidable foe!
Who plung'd promiſcuous on, with naval rage!
As if ambitious who ſhou'd firſt engage.

So when the vulture chaſes thro' the air,
A young fledg'd eaglet, (yet the mother's care;)
The tow'ring bird, (imperial,) from the ſkies,
On ſounding pinions, to his reſcue flies:
In dread, the vulture ſlacks the rapid chace;
Flutters, and hovers ſtill around the place;
Receives the eagle's ſhock, and in affright,
From chaſing, ſpreads his wings in ſhameful flight!

The hoſtile fleets, now near each other glide;
And load with future death, the briny tide!
So high in air, the gath'ring tempeſt flies,
In pitchy clouds, (which at a diſtance riſe;)

Nearer

Nearer they roll, a gloomy concave form;
Together claſh, down comes the rattling ſtorm!
Now wakes the roar, and on the tempeſt rolls,
The bolts, and light'nings fly, the thunder growls!
So cannons roar, in clouds the ſhips are hid;
And French, and Britiſh tars, alternate bleed!
Round, and grape ſhot, and barr'd, make dreadful wreck!
Sails, topmaſts, men, and blocks, beſtrew the deck!
Guns are diſmounted! limbs from bodies tore!
Whilſt thro' both ſides, the rapid bullets bore!
Wide gaps they rend, as thro' the ſhips they paſs;
And ſhrouds *, and ſtays *, hang dangling by the maſt.
The human blood, in crimſon torrents flows!
With fiercer rage, each naval warrior glows!

** The ſhrouds, are ſeveral large ropes, faſten'd at the maſt-head, and come down to the larboard, and ſtarboard ſide; there faſten'd to the chain plates, to ſupport the maſt, in the rolling of the ſhip, and when they carry ſail, and to theſe the rattlings are fixed, to go to maſt-head by. The ſtays are much for the ſame uſe, only they come down to the ſide, &c. on a ſlant, and are deſign'd to preſerve the maſt in its poſition, when the ſhip bounds o'er the waves, or plunges with a ſudden jerk from the ſummit of a watry hill, that it may not fall aft, or pitch forward over the ſhip's head.

And whilſt they eagerly for vict'ry burn,
Volleys, and broadſides (giv'n,) they angrily return!

As thund'ring Jove, the wrathful bolts prepar'd;
And wrapp'd in flame, the veng'ance high uprear'd;
With roar impetuous, down the ſtorm he hurl'd!
'Gainſt Phæton, driving round the burning world.
Unerring roll'd, the great æthereal war!
And daſh'd him from Apollo's flaming car!
So Hawke bore down, amid the Gallic fleet,
And Conflans fought with like aſſault to greet;
Larboard *, and ſtarboard *, ev'ry foe repell'd!
But ſtill, the pond'rous war, for Conflans held!
O'er French Magnificence †, victorious drove!
Which in a fruſtrate oppoſition ſtrove:
This Conflans ſaw, and ſeem'd on battle bent;
And 'gainſt the Royal George a broadſide ſent:

** It is the ſea term for the right and left ſide of the ſhip.

† Le Superbe, a French 74 gun ſhip, which bore down bravely between the Royal George, and Le Soleil Royal, to oppoſe Admiral Hawke, who ſtruck her on a careen the firſt broadſide, and the ſecond broadſide ſunk her. The name in Engliſh is Magnificent, or Magnificence.

Who

Who pour'd his torrents fierce, of flame, and balls!
Struck Conflans mute! (and terrify'd the Gauls!)
As Phæton drown'd in blaze *, let drop the reins,
And madly drove along th' æthereal plains,
The mighty whirl, oppreſs'd his ſoul with fear!
He ſat appall'd *, amid the wild career!
No longer now, the foaming ſteeds confines,
'Twixt Leo, Urſa, and the Scorpion * ſigns:

*** The poets ſay, Phæton being told by his mother, he was the ſon of Phœbus, (that is Apollo,) who drives the radiant car of day: he went to the temple of the ſun, and being own'd by his father, who ſwore by Styx, to grant his requeſt; he demanded to drive the chariot of the ſun for a day. Phœbus knowing the great, (and certain) danger of the enterprize, long time diſſuades him from it: but the adventrous youth, (fir'd by an emulation for glory, and ambitious notions of honour,) vaults into the ſeat, after much pre-admonition from his father, who griev'd at the conſequence. He drove on, the horſes ſoon found their new maſter, (or rather new driver,) by the unſkillful guidance of the rein, and the chariot wanting its proper poize. They grew headſtrong, and hurried him thro' the cœleſtial regions; now with a rapid flight, deſcending near the earth; again, bounding aloft, they whirl'd him thro' the immenſe ſpace of Æther! then ſtarting wide to right and left, plung'd among the conſtellations! he dropped the reins, and ſat appall'd, amidſt the career! was afraid to advance, and cou'd not retreat: but grew terrify'd, amidſt the frightful monſters of the ſkies! and a new pannic aſſail'd his heart, as the chariot of the ſun approach'd the Scorpion, and when (with the intenſe heat,) he ſaw him ſweat in his poiſon! the conſequence of all this is, the Heavens are drain'd of all their moiſture; the earth is parch'd; the ſea boils to its bed; and all nature lies gaſping in one univerſal calenture! at length, Jove hilted the avenging bolt; and with unerring aim, ſent it wing'd with lightning, and daſh'd him from Apollo's car!

He

He fear'd t' advance, wou'd backward fain retreat;
And quit Apollo's car, and flaming ſeat!
So Conflans, from the Bay, wou'd abſent be:
From Hardy, Howe, and frowning Hawke wou'd flee!
Backward he drove, whilſt pannic fears prevail!
And left the chariot of the bright Soleil*!
Shunn'd the loud ſtorm, midſt which, brave Hawke career'd!
The Britiſh bolts, and Engliſh light'nings fear'd!
To Gallia's ſhore, and certain ſhipwreck, ſteer'd!

Each ſternmoſt ſhip, to cloſer action glides;
And bellows death, from fulminating ſides!
Rouz'd to ſee Hawke, midſt dangers, ſmoak, and flame!
They crouded ſail, and to the battle came.

* When Admiral Hawke had ſunk the Superbe, he bore down upon Conflans, who ſtood one broadſide and ran, making a ſignal for all the fleet to do the like; and at laſt, rather than fight Admiral Hawke, he drove on ſhore and his ſhip was burnt; after being quitted by Conflans and her crew.

As hungry lions, pawing to engage!
With laſhing tails, will work themſelves to rage!
So theſe, to patriot wrath, their ſouls had wrought!
For board, and board, ſeem'd ev'ry warrior's thought!

The gallant Speke*, with Reſolution * arm'd!
True Briton like, for great atchievements warm'd!
Down from the ſtaff, the hoſtile banner tore;
And ſilenc'd all the Formidable's * roar!
And Howe†, Magnanimous†! with courage ſtor'd!
Bore down, and clapp'd the Heros cloſe on board;
Who ſtruck, o'erpower'd! no longer dar'd t'engage!
Whilſt Theſee‡ ſunk beneath brave Keppel's rage!

*** Capt. Speke commanded his Majeſty's ſhip Reſolution; engag'd the Formidable; the French rear Admiral, and took him, after a deſperate cannonading.

†† Lord Howe, in his Majeſty's ſhip Magnanimme, engaged the Heros board and board, which in little odds of half an hour, did ſo much execution, that ſhe ſtruck; but afterwards drove on ſhore.

‡ The honourable Auguſtus Keppel, in the Torbay, engag'd the Theſee, and ſunk her the ſecond broadſide.

Baird,

Baird*, for renown, moſt reſolutely ſtrove!
And thro' the line, with bold Defiance* drove!
Two line of battle ſhips, (with hoſtile roar,)
Down on his ſhip, to cloſe engagement bore:
Their joint attack, he bravely ſcorn'd to ſhun,
But gave 'em roar, for roar, and gun for gun!

Intrepid† Mapleſden†! and Bentley‡ bold!
Thro' the French line, midſt gloomy veng'ance roll'd!
Whilſt Rowley‖, Gambier‖, Dennis‖, onward croud,
Like Jove's artill'ry, in a thunder cloud!
And brave Obrien‖, join'd the concert loud!

** Capt. Baird, commanded the ſhip Defiance, and engag'd.

†† Capt. Mapleſden, commanded the ſhip Intrepid, and engag'd.

‡ Sir John Bentley, in the Warſpight, engag'd likewiſe.

‖‖‖‖‖ Capt. Rowley, in the Montague; Capt. Gambier, in the Burford; Capt. Dennis, in the Dorſetſhire; and Capt. Obrien, in the Eſſex; all likewiſe engag'd. And here I ſhou'd have mentioned Capt. Campbell: but as I have mention'd Admiral Hawke, in the Royal George; and as 'tis well known Mr. Campbell is Captain of the Royal George, it may be taken for granted, Capt. Campbell was in the midſt of danger, and in the very center of the engagement.

Sheirly,

Sheirly *, as bravely join'd the warlike throng!
And hurl'd deſtruction, as he plung'd along!
With England's dread Revenge †, Storr † fiercely
came!
And roar'd out Frenchmen's fate, in Britiſh flame!
Reſolv'd they fought, by Hawke's example fir'd!
And Gallia's fleet, confuſedly retir'd;
Whilſt ſome in tardy blaze, conſume away,
And add new horrors, to the dreadful fray!
Here, lower maſts, are tumbled o'er the ſide,
There ſhips deſcend, amid the briny tide!
Which all their flame, and harmleſs thunder drown'd!
Whilſt Hawke, and Britons ſhout, with conqueſt
crown'd!
Thoſe, whom ill fortune from the fight detain'd,
With viſible regret, aſtern remain'd.
(For war they burn'd, with warring hearts elate!
But mortals cannot guide the hand of fate:
Altho' their ſouls, the ſhips anticipate!

* Capt. Sheirly, commanded the Kingſton, and engag'd.
†† Capt. Storr, commanded the Revenge, and engag'd.

When ſtern Achilles, (with remorſeleſs mind;)
The field * of fame! the toils of war * declin'd!
Between the rampart, and the ſwelling flood,
The fretful Myrmidonian leaders ſtood.
Oft as they heard the animating ſhout!
Oft as they ſaw the Grecians put to rout!
As oft their mighty ſouls, were in a glow!
To ruſh all clad with death, upon the chaſing foe!

So theſe croud on, vex'd with heroic rage!
To ſee their friends, and countrymen engage.
At each broadſide, they glow'd with fiercer flame!
To reap the harveſt of immortal fame!

** In the ſixteenth book of Homer's Iliad, we have Achilles, ſpeeding from tent to tent, and warming the hearts of the myrmidonian leaders, juſt going to battle, (to ſave the Grecian fleet,) under the conduct of Patroclus; and we have them and the troops repreſented as ſtanding round their chief. A grim! terrific! formidable band! like voracious wolves, ruſhing a hideous throng, to ſlake their thirſt, after a glut of ſlaughter! and preſent a deathful view! and we may judge of their uneaſineſs and regret, at being detain'd from the battle, by the expreſſions which Achilles uſes to them; calling them for fam'd! fierce! and brave myrmidons! tells them to think with what threats they dar'd the Trojans! and what reproach his ears had ſo long endur'd! calling him ſtern ſon of Peleus! whoſe rage defrauded them of ſo fam'd a field! &c. and adds, lo! there the Trojans! this day ſhall give you all your ſouls demand! &c.

For de p'rate battle, ev'ry boſom burn'd!
The tardy progreſs of the veſſels mourn'd.
The topmaſts bend! ſails ſplit! and halliards break!
The dormant thunder, on each well clear'd deck,
In hollow tubes, from ev'ry yawning ſide,
Portended dreadful! o'er the ſwelling tide!
Each Britiſh tar well pleas'd, to quarters ſtood!
(And ponder'd on the future ſcene of blood!
As on they labour'd thro' the briny flood!
No diſcontented tar like hints we hear,
As if they lagg'd, inſpir'd by grov'ling fear.
No lack of courage, to their charge is laid;
They caught each blaſt; each uſeful ſail was ſpread.
Full on the Gallic line, reſolv'd they ſteer'd;
Who tack'd, made ſail, the cloſe engagement fear'd!

Each brave commander, martial zeal expreſt,
And long'd to bring his honour to the teſt!
Seem'd anxious, ſome reſolved foe to meet,
But night came on, and ſav'd the Gallic fleet.

Againſt the yielding foe, our tars complain'd;
And ſlighted conqueſt, eaſily obtain'd.
Each man was full of cool delib'rate rage!
And hop'd the French wou'd ſturdily engage.
Shot, ſtores, and guns, they ſunk amid the main!
And fled for ſafety, to the ſhoal Villaine!
Britain rejoic'd! perfidious Gallia mourn'd!
Her royal navy, taken, ſunk, or burn'd!
Her cities, forts, iſles, towns, and all her ſchemes
o'erturn'd!

End of BOOK IV.

The ARGUMNNT.

Britannia repreſented clad in terrors! and leaning on Pitt; (like Achilles, reclin'd on his ſpear, after the carnage he had made among the Trojans, in revenge for the death of Patroclus.) A recapitulation of Great Britain's victories, both by ſea and land, and the French terror! Thurot ruſhing forth to war againſt the Engliſh, (like a tyger, to hunt his prey, without his teeth and claws.) His landing on the Iriſh coaſt. Taking Carrickfergus, and laying Belfaſt under contribution. The Hibernian zeal and bravery of the few troops there; rending the battlements of the caſtle of Carrickfergus, and flinging the ſtones on the enemy for ſome time, after all their ammunition was ſpent! the conſternation of the French at their intrepidity! their ſullen ſubmiſſion; (like our gallant troops at Cas.) The French retreat, and reimbarkation. Their joy damp'd, (like the Amalekites, who ſpoil'd Ziklag,) when the Captains, Elliott, Clements, and Logie, in the Æolus, Brilliant, and Pallas, bore down to engage. The fight, and Thurot's death; with the French ſubmiſſion. An addreſs to Lewis, with a recital of the gallantry of our matchleſs tars, and intrepid troops! a few ſimilies on George the Second; like eagle mounted Jove, directing the thunder againſt Gaul, &c. &c. &c.

WAR:

WAR:

BOOK V.

BRitannia, (long, for feats of arms renown'd,)
In terrors clad! with num'rous vict'ries crown'd!
Leaning on Pitt, as if to breathe awhile;
She ſtood, and caſt a fierce indignant ſmile!
Like great Achilles, on his ſpear reclin'd,
The war revolving, in his martial mind!
Moſt greatly pleas'd! 'twixt rage, and ſtern diſdain!
He ſmiling, frown'd, acroſs the Phrygian plain!
O'er ſlaughter'd heaps of Trojans by him ſlain!
So ſtood Britannia, pleas'd, ſerene, ſedate!
Compleatly arm'd! victorioufly elate!

Her dreadful ſhores, appear'd one hallow'd bound!
Her horſe, and foot, rang'd on her frontier ground!
Her navy girded her with terrors round!
At diſtance ſtood, (as thunderſtruck!) the Gaul;
Amidſt Quebec's, and Louiſbourg's downfall!
Goree, and Guadaloupe, in ruin lay!
And Senegal, had felt the like diſmay!
Their fleets cou'd not our fleets attack ſuſtain!
Some at Lagos, ſome founder'd at Villaine!
Some burnt, ſome ſunk, amid the ſwelling main!
A pannic dread, prevail'd at land, and ſea!
They ſtruck, or fled, in ſwift affright away!
As doves from Jove's imperial bird of prey!
They turn'd their backs, (as wonted,) to the chace:
All fear'd, at leaſt few dar'd, to ſhow their face!
Till Thurot roſe, (to hide the Gallic ſhame;)
And raſhly fir'd, ſail'd forth to gain a name:
And like a tyger, from his lurking den,
Ruſh'd on, ſupported by a thouſand men:
But in ſuch plight, to back his daring cauſe,
He ſeem'd to hunt his prey, without his teeth, and claws!

Of this, (perhaps,) the Gaul will proudly boaſt;
He landed on Hibernia's naked coaſt!
So cowards, may the lion's den aſſail,
And boaſt from thence, the new whelp'd cubs they ſteal;
Whilſt both old lions, thro' the foreſt roam,
And ſearch for prey, far diſtant from their home:
But ſhou'd loud roar, beſpeak the lions near,
As if their final knell, had pierc'd their ear,
They ſteal, (nay fly) away, (abſorpt) in ſpeechleſs fear!

This place, Thurot, almoſt defenceleſs found,
And boldly dar'd to tread Hibernian ground:
At Carrickfergus, he a plunder made,
And Belfaſt, under contribution laid.
Not till th' Hibernians had their powder ſpent,
And from the baſe, their mural hopes had * rent!
With

** When thoſe who landed from Thurot's ſquadron, attack'd Carrickfergus, the few ſoldiers we had there, with an heroic

With native zeal! and patriotic glow!
They flung the ramparts * on the charging foe!
Forgetting they expos'd themſelves unarm'd;
So much the battle had their boſoms warm'd.

So ruſh'd unarm'd, the Spartan † from the bath,
Seiz'd on his ſpear, and full of martial wrath,
He plung'd amidſt the thickeſt ranks of foes;
Who thought ſome God had dealt deſtructive blows!
They ſtood amaz'd †! or join'd the tim'rous rout;
Whilſt he ſpread death, and terrors round about!

heroic zeal, and in a moſt brave manner, diſputed almoſt every inch of ground; and with a bloody toil, made them dearly buy their victory! for when all their ammunition was ſpent, they flung the ſtones off the ramparts on the advancing enemies! and held them in play for ſome time, as if they had forgotten the rapid execution of powder and ball; and that whilſt they demoliſh'd the battlements, they left themſelves more expos'd to the enemy's ſhot!

†† This was a Spartan warrior; who one day happen'd to be bathing, in a city beſieg'd; when the enemy ruſhing ſuddenly and furiouſly on, had like to have enter'd triumphantly: and on hearing the alarm of war, and that the city was like to be carried by a general aſſault, he leapt from the bath, laid hold of his ſpear, and plung'd among the charging enemy; and dealt his vengeance amongſt the thickeſt ranks! who ſeeing him take ſuch deathful ſtrides! naked, and unarm'd! inclos'd by a brazen, iron, and ſteely war! ſuperſtitiouſly thought ſome deity had aſſum' a human ſhape, to fling deſtruction thro' their cohorts! and turn the ſway of battle! they ſtood transfix'd, with a religious awe! fell unreſiſting, beneath his oft tranſpiercing ſpear! or join'd the general rout, as he ſtrode to different parts of the field, and chang'd the ſcene of action!

As

As ſtood at gaze, the halting * half ſcar'd Gauls!
Midſt daſhing ſhow'rs, of Carrickfergus walls!
From engines, mortars, ſlings, nor cannon flung!
But from Hibernian nerves, for warlike action ſtrung!

Thus in a thick deſcending ſtony ſhow'r!
They fought 'gainſt numbers, and ſuperior pow'r!
The charging ſhocks, themſelves, like ramparts bore!
Till they cou'd rend the ſtubborn walls no more!
Then like the troops at Cas †; they ſullen frown'd!
And flung their uſeleſs muſkets to the ground!
Not till like them, they'd well the fight ſuſtain'd!
And from the victors, almoſt vict'ry gain'd!

* When the French found themſelves ſo reſolutely oppos'd, by our handful of men at Carrickfergus, after all their ammunition was ſpent: they halted in a ſort of a half ſcar'd gaze, as if in ſuſpence, whether they ſhou'd advance, ſtand the charge, of thoſe few brave men, or make a ſhameful retreat: and doubtleſs, one or two rounds more f Hibernian rhetorick, wou'd have rais'd the pannic to ſuch a height, as to have confirm'd them in an inſtant reſolve, and have made them retire in confuſion!

† It is well known, how fiercely and reſolutely our troops at Cas fought; being about fifteen hundred on ſhore, againſt eleven battalions; (and they on friendly ground:) and likewiſe, with what reluctance they ſubmitted to an overpowering enemy, when all their ammunition was expended.

The news no ſooner reach'd our half ſtarv'd foes,
Our freeborn troops, and brave militia roſe,
Than like a herd of deers, with timid mind,
And hungry wolves, in cloſe purſuit behind;
From Ireland's ſhores, they fled in haſte away,
Quick reimbark'd, and weigh'd, and put to ſea!
And thought (o'erjoy'd!) to make their native ſhore;
With conqueſt flush'd, and fed with Engliſh ſtore!
But Thurot firſt muſt fall, and hundreds more!
So once, Amalekites, weak Ziklag ſpoil'd;
But David's breaſt with manly ardour boil'd!
He chac'd, and fought, and kill'd, retook the prey!
Their triumph damp'd, in death, and cold diſmay!

Now Clements, Logie, Elliott, brave, bore down,
To meet Thurot, with formidable frown!
With wonted rage, like England's naval Sons,
They fought, huzza'd, and ply'd Britannia's guns!

Stern

Stern Æolus*, began the rough attack!
And flung (untrimm'd) their bloated ſails aback.
Onward he came, in a moſt direful form!
And roar'd tremendous! in a ſulph'rous ſtorm!
Thro' ev'ry ſhip, a pannic fright prevails:
The tacks grew uſeleſs, as the flutt'ring ſails.
In Brilliant† trim, war's mighty gooddeſs‡ frown'd!
She roar'd in flame! and death was in the ſound!
Elliott, and Clements, and Logie, grew warm;
And near Thurot, they roll'd the loud alarm!
(Thurot, whom (tho' a foe,) we ſcarcely blame,
Who bears a gen'rous, manlike warrior's name!)
To cloſer fight, they eagerly advance,
Rive the French ſhips, and check the pride of France!
The fight grew hot, thick flew the Engliſh balls;
And death flew fore and aft, among the Gauls:
The brave, the raſh Thurot, became his prey!
And terror fill'd the French, with dread diſmay!

* The ſhip Æolus, and Æolus is the God of the winds.
† The ſhip Brilliant, one of the three which engaged Monſieur Thurot's ſquadron.
‡ The ſhip Pallas, who with the Æolus and Brilliant, engag'd Thurot's ſquadron. Pallas is the Goddeſs of war.

As

As twice of late, when Boſcawen, and Hawke,
Midſt fulminating tars! and clouds of ſulph'rous ſmoke!
To Conflans, and De Clue, in Britiſh thunder ſpoke!
Their guns grew mute, they all for quarter call'd,
And down (in fear,) the Gallic enſigns haul'd.
Again they come, and tread our fatal coaſt,
Dejected, maim'd, and all their plunder loſt.

Lewis! be warn'd, and ſend thy men no more,
To tread Hibernia's, or Britannia's ſhore.
Whilſt Hawke, Boſcawen, Holmes, and Saunders roam,
Abroad for fame; and Pitt commands at home!
Whilſt England owns ſo many gallant tars!
And brave commanders, for the naval wars!
Whilſt Scotchmen, can their dreaded broad ſwords wield!
With Engliſh, and Hibernians, take the field,
Who with their leaders brave, at danger ſmile!
Firm leagu'd, like troops of death, to guard our iſle!

Whilſt

Whilſt Britons ſerve great GEORGE, with filial fear,
Who with his Son, and brave old Ligonier,
At Dettingen, like lions, fierce in fight!
Routed main corps, and put gens d'armes to flight!
Whilſt King, and Peers, and Council, hand in hand,
Back'd by the body of the nation ſtand;
Reſolv'd to ſave wives, children, lands, and laws!
And Heav'n Propitious, ſmiles upon the cauſe!
Thy men, as well, may ſafely think to tread,
Nightly unarm'd, thro' Africa's dread ſhade;
Where lions, tygers, pards, (fierce beaſts of prey,)
Roar in the paſs, and dam the dang'rous way,
As e'er expect, in France, to make their boaſt,
We victors came, from Britain's dreaded coaſt!

As when the riving bolts, are fiercely hurl'd,
By Jupiter, to ſcourge the rebel world;
From ſtrong Olympus' height, the thunder growls!
And wrapp'd in flame æthereal, onward rolls!
Like eagle mounted Jove, in awful form!
GEORGE, againſt Gaul, directs the thund'ring ſtorm!

His

His Son, and Grandſons, Bleſſings to this land!
Are like the Bolts, uplifted in His Hand!
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth, with rapid ſpeed He flies,
The Lords and Commons, venerable wiſe!
May well be call'd, His eagle's watchful eyes.
His body, neck, and mighty ſweeping tail,
The triple union, Britain's common weal.
To His ſtrong pinions, we may well compare,
The Honeſt Pitt! and Brave old Ligonier!
The Tars, and Troops, His talons may be call'd,
By whoſe ſtrong gripe, proud Gallia's ſides are gaul'd!
As with his bill, he ſeizes tim'rous hares,
Cruſhes their bones, and them in pieces tears,
Brave Hawke, and Boſcawen, in pieces break
The Gallic fleets, and may be call'd His beak!

End of BOOK V.

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The

The ARGUMENT.

The French in Canada, (like a man waſh'd from a wreck at ſea, and ſtriving to gain the ſhore:) emerging from the wreck of fifty-nine, as if reſolv'd on conqueſt; and to perform ſomething greatly memorable. Their armament in the ſpring of ſixty, and march towards Quebec; join'd by the ſavage people in league with them. General Murray, with our other heroic commanders, and troops, rouſing to battle. The diſpoſition of our troops, and by whom headed. The cloſing of the battle. Major Dalling's behaviour. Him and his officers wounded, and his men ruſhing on without them, driving the enemy, firſt broken to their main corps, and after to the rear of their army. The French attack on our right. Capt. Ince diſtinguiſh'd, with Otway's, and the French twice bravely ſuſtain'd and repuls'd! the left diſpoſſeſs the enemy from two redoubts. The reſerve brought into action. Rouſillon's regiment marching up, and penetrating. General Murray's retreat. Due diſtance kept by the French. The friendly, (daring) action of an Iriſh ſerjeant of Bragg's, left wounded on the field of battle, to preſerve an Engliſh volunteer from being ſcalp'd by ſix Indians. He kills three, and the other three flee. A French officer endu'd with humanity; defends him from the other ſavages; and that they may not kill them as they threaten'd, he ſends both into Quebec. The French attack Quebec, but in vain. The gallant defence made by our troops. The arrival of Commodore Swanton, and the Captains, Schomberg, and Dean. Their attack of the French frigates, &c. above the town, and deſtroying them. The French deſert their trenches, and leave ammunition, baggage, field pieces, mortars, tools, &c. &c. &c. A ſavage nation joins in league with Great Britain.

WAR:

WAR:

BOOK VI.

NOW like a man fatigu'd, and wanting breath,
Waſh'd from a wreck, incircled round with death:
Who plunging on, amid the ſurging r: r;
Rais'd on a wave, beholds the welcome ſhore.
The land he views, with eager longing eyes!
With efforts ſtrong, each nerve he nimbly plies;
More briſkly ſwims, as if before untir'd,
In hopes to gain the landing place deſir'd:
But ſoon depreſs'd, beneath a boiſt'rous wave;
He ſlacks, deſpairs, and ſeeks a watry grave!

So Gauls, emerging from the dreadful wreck
Of fifty-nine, advanc'd towards Quebec.
As if forgetting, what they'd lately felt;
The veng'ance, Amherſt, Wolfe, and Saunders dealt!
Reſolved ſeem'd at firſt, the war to wage,
As if inſpir'd with new heroic rage!
But recollecting Wolfe! and fifty-nine!
They ſoon grew cool, and quitted their deſign.

The ſpring arriv'd; the gath'ring troops of France,
With eager ſpeed, towards Quebec advance.
And to the war, (from wild Canadia's lands;)
They drew the fierce, the ſavage ſcalping bands!
Their near approach, our garriſon alarms!
And Murray, Fraſer, Burton, rous'd to arms!
Burton! whoſe zeal burſt forth in flaming glow!
Midſt piercing cold! midſt chilling froſt, and ſnow!
Active t' infatuate, and counteract the foe!

The

The brave Macdonald, march'd the foe t' engage;
Who reſcu'd Peyton * from Canadian rage.
With theſe, bold Ince, and Dalling, ſally'd forth;
Pleas'd with the war! and full of martial worth!
Scotch, Engliſh, Iriſh, by theſe heroes led;
Moſt brávely fought! and for their country bled!

Fraſer the brave! in war's dread ſcience ſkill'd!
Led Highland troops, and Townſhend's to the field.
Laſcelles's, and Kennedy's, with Fraſer came;
In queſt of death, or elſe of deathleſs fame!
Theſe the left wing compos'd, and gain'd a glorious name!

The daring Murray, (with a ſtern delight,)
His troops ſurveys, and ruminates the fight!

* Capt. Macdonald, (a Scotch gentleman,) at the unſucceſsful landing at Quebec, was the means of ſaving Mr. Peyton, (an Iriſh gentleman,) from about 30 Indians, marching down to ſcalp him after the battle. See the Britiſh Magazine of Jan. 1760, and my ſiege of Quebec.

Alert they ſtood, with animating glow!
(Unſhock'd at death! and wont to beat the foe!)
They numbers ſcorn'd! and onward march'd elate!
As if they'd outface death! and raviſh mighty fate!
Serenely brave! each ſoldier ſeem'd to know
'Tis courage aims, and ſtrikes the conq'ring blow!
Quebec's great conq'ror, Murray's boſom fir'd!
And Wolfe tho' dead, each warrior's ſoul inſpir'd!
So from the flaming neſt, old [illegible]s ſing,
Another phœnix, ſtretches on the wing.

Now front, to front, they clos'd the battle rag'd!
Where Dalling's corps, conſpicuouſly engag'd!
Fiercely the French the Britiſh charge ſuſtain!
Till backward forc'd, (like chaff,) they ſpread the plain.
Onward the ſoldiers ruſh, unaw'd by fear,
And leave their wounded * leaders in the rear!

* Here Major Dalling, and ſeveral of his officers were wounded; but his men ruſh'd on without 'em, and drove the enemy, they firſt attack'd to the main corps, and afterwards to the rear. For a full account of this, and the whole battle, vide General Murray's letter to Mr. Secretary Pitt, in the Extraordinary Gazette, which contains a perfect account of the whole action, according to the following lines.

Chace

Chace as they flee! advance as they retire!
Oppoſe the French main corps, and take the gen'ral fire!
Again they rally, charge, again retreat
Back to the rear, and own the rout compleat!

Now on our right, their main corps made attack,
Attempted twice, and twice, were driven back!
The great ſoul'd Murray, deigns this truth to own!
There Otway's fought, brave Ince diſtinguiſh'd ſhone!
Amherſt's, Americans, were there diſpos'd;
With Anſtruther's, and Webb's; theſe the right wing compos'd;
Stood firm as fate, (unſhock'd,) when twice the battle clos'd!

Mean while, the left, with emulating glow,
From two redoubts, they diſpoſſeſs'd the foe.

Indians, Canadians, Regulars repel!
Victorious chac'd! or vanquiſh'd, bravely fell!
The * center, and reſerves, their ſtation chang'd;
Advanc'd and wheel'd, in diff'rent order rang'd.
Our little army, none inactive knew;
Each felt the ſhock, as warm the battle grew!
Ten thouſand French, by ſavages ſuſtain'd,
Three thouſand Britons charg'd, and long the fight maintain'd!

Thus like two ſcales, with equipond'rous weight,
Both parties toil'd, to fix the doubtful fight.
The Engliſh troops, (to battle much inur'd,)
The oft repeated charges firm endur'd:
With minds reſolv'd, call'd all their ardour forth;
And made the Frenchmen feel their warlike worth!
The wounded dropp'd, another ſtraight appear'd,
Sent leaden fate, or elſe a broad ſword rear'd!

* N. B. About this time, the third battalion of Royal Americans, from the reſerve, and Kennedy's from the center, were brought up to the action. Vide Gen. Murray's letter, and account of the battle.

Now

Now Rouſſillon's * march'd up to freſh attack,
Pierc'd like a wedge, and bore the Britons back.
As growling lions, on Arabia's plain,
Hunters, and dogs, in ſlow retreat ſuſtain;
So Murray and his troops, by might born down,
March ſlowly off, and fierce defiance frown!
As ſlow the French advanc'd, (as if in fear,)
Due diſtance kept, nor dar'd to charge the rear:
Dear bought experience, made their forces feel,
Th' effect of bay'net fight, and Highland ſteel!

To where a Briton, and Hibernian lay,
Six ſcalping plund'rers, thither bent their way.
Th' Hibernian † rous'd, the ſavages drew near,
To ſeize, and ſcalp, an Engliſh volunteer.

* A French regiment of Rouſſillon, which penetrated.

† This was an Iriſhman, a ſerjeant of Bragg's, who had received a ſhot in the breaſt, and cou'd not retreat with the reſt; who fell'd two of the Indians at one blow, with his halbert; and with a ſecond blow kill'd a third; as ſix of them were about to ſcalp an Engliſh volunteer, which lay near him, with a dangerous wound in his leg; and on three being kill'd, the other three fled. This is by letters from America in the news.

Like

Like gallant Peyton *, in the barb'rous ſtrife,
To ſave his friend's, brave Ochterlony's life;
His weapon launch'd, transfix'd two Indians thro'!
Like Jove's own bolt, aſkance, the halbert flew!
The ſecond blow, another ſavage flew!
Tho' thrice his number, ſtill unwounded ſtood,
The ſanguin'd halbert, chill'd their vital blood!
They cow'r'd beneath the blow, (with abject fear!)
As † Turnus, when Æneas launch'd his ſpear!
To flight, (like genuine cowards, quick they yield,)
And leave th' Hibernian conq'ror on the field!

Perchance there ſtood, within th' Hibernian's call,
A gen'rous great ſoul'd foe! a humane Gaul!
Who with his corps, (quite void of hoſtile wrath;)
Travers'd the field of carnage, blood, and death.

* The intrepid behaviour of Capt. Ochterlony, and Lieut. Peyton, is mention'd in the unſucceſsful landing at Quebec. The whole ſtory may be read at large in the Britiſh Magazine of Jan. 1760, and in my ſiege of Quebec.

† In the Æneid, 'tis ſaid, Turnus cow'r'd in fear, when Æneas launch'd his ſpear at him, in combat, before the walls of Laurentum in Italy.

To him he * call'd; and begg'd he'd ſave their lives,
From ſavage rage, and Indian ſcalping knives!
In anxious ſort, to him, his arms he rear'd,
Who turn'd, and ſaw, and touch'd with mercy heard!
As Sol's bright blaze, diſpels the ſhades of night,
He frown'd, forbid, turn'd human brutes to flight.
Bleſt with a ſoul, compaſſionate and mild!
He ſmooth'd his brow, and full of pity ſmil'd!
To make the act compleat, he ſtopp'd not here,
But order'd dreſſing, and a decent care.
And then, to make the ſavage threat'ning vain,
(Who vow'd revenge for ſcalping kinſmen ſlain,
From choſen Gauls, (the ſavages to check,)
Murray receiv'd them ſafely at Quebec.

* After the ſerjeant had lain three of the Indians dead, and the other three fled; he call'd to a French officer which ſtood near him, with many of his men, and begged he would be ſo good as to protect them from being barbarouſly murdered in cool blood by theſe barbarians. (For there were ſeveral parties ſtill ſcouting round the field, ſtripping the dead, and murdering, mangling, and ſcalping the wounded, according to their uſual cuſtom.) The officer very generouſly protected them, and ordered them to a place of ſafety; and to preſerve them from being butcher'd by the ſavages in the French army, (who with the greateſt indignation and cruel wrath, vow'd revenge for their brothers;) he next day ſent them under a proper guard into Quebec. A noble inſtance of French politeneſs! and hoſtile generoſity!

Had

Had Richlieu been like him, politely brave!
Orphans at Zell, had ſcap'd a flaming grave!

Mean while, our troops, back to the fort retir'd;
'Gainſt which the foe, (with hard earn'd conqueſt fir'd,
Indians, Canadians, and the well train'd Gauls,)
With vain attempt, ply'd uſeleſs bombs, and balls;
Murray commanded there! and Britons mann'd the walls!
Engliſh, and French, engag'd with mutual hate;
And guns, and mortars, belch'd alternate fate:
With hardy troops, Quebec was amply ſtor'd:
And on the ramparts, ſix ſcore cannon roar'd!
All ſtand the teſt, like links, in one great chain,
Ward off the threaten'd fate, and well the ſiege ſuſtain!

Now Swanton, Schomberg, Dean, approach'd the walls;
Brought Murray joy! but terrors to the Gauls!

Ready

Ready for war, with wonted naval glow,
And great vivacity, they ſought the foe.
With Engliſh ſpeed, above the town they glide;
Their ſouls anticipate the rapid tide!
And faſcination flies from each portending ſide!
When Britain's flag beyond the walls appear'd,
With pannic ſtruck, the daſtard Frenchmen fear'd.
Like wax their hearts became, or melting ſnow,
And ſhipwreck choſe, rather than fight the foe.
Brave Swanton, Schomberg, Dean, each active tar,
Roll'd on aſtern, in gloomy thund'ring war!
In piſtol ſhot, next board and board, they came;
And hurl'd Great Britain's fierce deſtructive flame!
A quadrate ruin, 'gainſt the Gauls conſpires;
Rocks, water, tars, and black ſulphureous fire!

Eager for fight, to grapple with the foe!
Reſolv'd to ſtrike, a home, deciding blow;

The gallant Dean, abſorpt in warlike flame!
To ſhipwreck ſteer'd, and gain'd a laſting fame.

As if the French, were acted by one ſoul,
Or ſympathetic fate had rul'd the whole;
The troops on ſhore, (o'erwhelm'd with mighty dread,)
In ſilent terror, from their trenches fled!
Precipitate, retrod their former path;
At Jacques, ſhelter'd from the Britiſh wrath!
Field pieces, mortars, powder, ſhells, and ſhot;
Proviſion, baggage, tools, were all forgot!
Murray with unexpected joy, ſurvey'd
The camp, with Gallic wealth profuſely ſpread!
And heaps, on heaps, (tenfold,) his former loſs repaid *!

* When firſt General Murray march'd out with his troops, to meet and oppoſe the French, marching towards Quebec; in his retreat he left ſeveral field pieces behind. But now he found in the enemy's abandon'd camp, ſo many field, or battering pieces, ſo much baggage, proviſion, ammunition, &c. of every ſort, as wou'd make almoſt a tenfold retribution.

Such

Such was their ſpeed! ſuch their internal fear!
That Murray cou'd not overtake the rear!
A ſavage nation, (to our rage expos'd,)
In friendly league, with conq'ring Britain clos'd *.

* Whoever reads the extra Gazette, which contains the letter from General Murray, (governor of Quebec,) to Mr. Secretary Pitt, concerning the French ſiege of Quebec and raiſing the ſiege; with the battle between his and their troops; will I believe, on the peruſal find, that the encomiums which General Murray was generouſly pleaſed to give, to the brave and indefatigable Mr. Burton, Fraſer, Dalling, Ince, and Macdonald; and to the bold and active Commodore Swanton, and the Captains, Schomberg and Dean, and to all the troops and tars in general: I ſay I believe they will find what he there ſays, to agree with what I have ſaid in my poem of the ſame. And that the diſpoſition for the battle, was as I have ſaid, under the ſame leaders, whom he expreſsly ſays headed the different corps, or battalions, (if I may ſo call them;) for the regiments were greatly thinn'd. And they will find in his letter, that ſuch events happen'd, ſuch attacks, and ſuch repulſes, and every other incident, as I have mention'd; except that of the Iriſh ſerjeant of Bragg's, and the Engliſh volunteer, left wounded on the field of battle; which was in the news, and ſaid to be by letters from America.

BRITANNIA's CALL

TO HER

Brave TROOPS and hardy TARS.

I.

RITANNIA's ſons, Hibernia's youth,
And Scotia's hardy, martial race!
Riſe! fight! defend the cauſe of truth!
And wipe from me all foul diſgrace!
With ardent eyes,
Britannia cries,
United riſe!
And Frenchmen to deſtruction chace!

II.

See, from the coaſt of threat'ning France,
With miſchief fraught, and ill deſigns,
Her gath'ring troops prepare t' advance,
And threat with battle my confines!

Inſulting foes,
Reſolv'd oppoſe,
Deal mortal blows!
See, ſee, aloft, my ſtandard ſhines.

III.

My freeborn ſons, (with native rage,)
Ariſe, and hear your mother's call;
Invading foes, prepare t' engage:
Defend me now, or elſe I fall:
Your all's at ſtake,
To arms betake,
Strong efforts make,
And ſweep to death, the troops of Gaul!

IV.

Rouze! rouze! refulgent, ſhine in arms!
Hark! cannons roar, drums, trumpets, ſound!
Ruſh on, all clad, in war's alarms!
And dauntleſs, tread, on Gallic ground!
Againſt the Gauls,
And their ſtrong walls,
Ply bombs and balls,
Fling veng'ance, flame, and ruin round!

Bri-

V.

Britannia thus, beſpoke her ſons,
With ardour, ev'ry boſom boil'd,
They lin'd her ſhores, with troops, and guns,
And France, affrighted, back recoil'd:
With ſtern delight,
They all unite,
And wiſh the fight;
But Ferdinand had Lewis foil'd!

VI.

A grand exulting joy appear'd,
With martial ſmiles, on England's ſhore,
To ſee Great Britain's ſtandard rear'd,
And hear her naval lions roar;
Her fleets France found,
Were gath'ring round,
A dreadful bound!
Britannia, heard her threats no more.

Reſolved ſtood,
To ſpill their blood,
Sooner than Frenchmen conq'rors own.

Britain's Arms victorious; or, France humbled.

I.

TO inſults long, from France inur'd,
Britannia rouz'd, and dreadful frown'd!
Her navy mann'd, her coaſts ſecur'd,
And fear did ev'ry foe confound!
Great Heav'n thought fit,
The patriot Pitt,
At helm ſhou'd ſit,
And point her flaming veng'ance round.

Her

France ſtill defies,

Riſe warriors, riſe!

And drown all Gaul in Gallic gore!

III.

My naval ſons, againſt the Gauls,

Launch forth, and with a ſtern diſdain,

Tranſport my thunders, to their walls,

And roll my terrors o'er the main;

Great George defend,

Fiercely contend,

Make Gallia bend,

Reſtrain the frog, and check proud Spain.

IV.

No longer let proud Gallia boaſt,
But now equipt, and rous'd to arms,
Return the war along their coaſt,
Whilſt ardour ev'ry boſom warms!
Their hearts all fail,
Cold fears prevail,
Now, now, ſet fail!
And fill all France with dread alarms!

V.

Tho' Lewis threats with naval force;
To view diſplays his warlike ſtores!
Tho' gath'ring troops, of foot, and horſe,
Range dreadful, on the hoſtile ſhores!
They ardour lack!
Their threats fling back!
Their coaſts attack!
'Tis thus, Britannia you implores!

VI.

To battle quick, her armies ruſh'd,
The terror of her arms diſplay,
With conqueſt oft, the troops were fluſh'd,
Her fleets launch'd forth, and ſwept the ſea!
They ev'ry where,
Stern veng'ance bear,
Spread death, and fear,
And Gallia felt a dread diſmay!

VII.

Thus whilſt our fleets ſweep o'er the main,
And troops domeſtic guard the ſhore,
Tho' France unite with haughty Spain,
And Holland too, we'll fear no more;
Their pow'rs we'll meet,
And roughly greet,
Whilſt Britain's fleet,
In flaming death, ſhall loudly roar!

On Monſieur THUROT's deſcent and defeat.

I.

YE Britons! attend, you ſhall hear how Thurot,
(He led, only Frenchmen, intirely forgot,)
Tyger like, for awhile, kill'd, ravag'd, and then,
Victoriouſly thought to have ſlunk to his den!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

With three, or four ſhips, Monſieur Thurot made boaſt,
He'd make a deſcent on Hibernia's coaſt:
Next thought to retreat, with his men, and his prey,
As well he might 'ſcape from fierce lions away!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

For

III.

For Æolus*, blew a ſtrong blaſt in his face!
Flung his ſails all aback†, retarded his pace!
With a brilliant‡ air, mix'd with fierce martial rage,
The Goddeſs‖ of war, ſhe bore down to engage!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

The Frenchmen grew pale, when they ſaw the three ſail,
Their paſſage obſtruct, as from Ireland they ſteal;
With vocal huzzas, to Belleiſle's volunteers,
They play'd a rough concert of old Engliſh airs!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

V.

Of the ſymphony rude, the Gauls did complain,
And ſwore the whole tune, was a diſſonant ſtrain!
Their loud ſhouts victorious! their triumphs were drown'd!
By deep noted baſs, of our cannons around!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

* The ſhip Æolus, and Æolus, is God of the winds.
† Aback, is a ſea term.
‡ The ſhip Brilliant.
‖ The ſhip Pallas, Goddeſs of war.

The

VI.

The ſport rougher grew! and the Frenchmen grew ſick!
Death flew fore and aft, as the bullets flew thick!
Their great hero Thurot, fell wounded, and dead!
Soon after they ſtruck, in a cold pannic dread!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

VII.

Monſieurs! take advice, put an end to theſe wars,
You cannot engage with our troops, and brave tars!
Nor dare near the den of the lion to roam!
Brave Hawke ſcours the ſeas! and great Pitt is at home!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

On the heroic Taylors, belonging to Elliot's light horſe, who fought ſo bravely in Germany.

I.

WHEN Granby the brave! (a diſciple of Mars!)
Ruſh'd forth from Great Britain, to Germanic wars!
(To fight the foe rang'd, or to force the ſtrong trench,)
And help Ferdinand 'gainſt the ſwaggering French!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

II.

The Taylors, regardleſs, of death, wounds, and ſcars!
Reſolv'd to leave ſtitching, and live by the wars!
With a patriot zeal, they deſerted their boards!
Beſtrode the war horſes, and brandiſh'd their ſwords!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

III.

The news throughout England, no ſooner was known,
What great emulation the Taylors had ſhown!
But they liſted in ſcores, 'gainſt Britannia's foes!
And Elliot's light horſe, was the cohort they choſe!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

IV.

Behold they ſet ſail, from their own native land,
And meet a good welcome from brave Ferdinand;
Who led 'em ſtraightway, where the foe rang'd in view,
They kindled with ardour! and reſolute grew!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

V.

They loaded, and prim'd, and ramm'd home their balls;
Set ſpurs, and full gallop, they drove on the Gauls!

Face to face they diſcharg'd, unſheath'd to engage!
And hew'd thro' the French with Achillean * rage!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

VI.

Gallant Erſkine, the bold! he headed this band!
Who follow'd like death! at the warrior's command.
The French turn'd their backs, broke, ſcatter'd, and fled!
The Taylors ruſh'd on, over mountains of dead!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

VII.

Poor Lewis, muſt ſurely be in a ſad plight!
When his ſwaggering heroes, our Taylors can't fight!
If before them o'erpow'r'd, in pannic they flee!
How dreadful! muſt Great Britain's heroes all be!
Derry down, down, down derry down.

* In the battle, after the death of Patroclus, Achilles gave no quarter; and even deſtroy'd the twelve priſoners he took in fight, as a ſacrifice to the manes of his dear Patroclus! and as the Taylors made ſuch ſlaughter, and gave no quarter! they might be ſaid to hew thro' the ranks with Achillean rage!

In

VIII.

In a different ſenſe, th' old proverb * we'll take;
Nine ſoldiers of Gaul, ſcarce a light horſeman make:
With feminine tremor! the French are all ſmitten!
For nine, dare not face a brave ſtitch † of Great Britain!

Derry down, down, down derry down.

* The proverb is, nine Taylors make a man, by way of ſlur on them; but now I have inverted it, and ſaid, nine Frenchmen dare not fight an Engliſh Taylor.

† Stitch is a cant word us'd for a Taylor.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 14, 2d line, read unparalel'd.

Page 43, 3d line, read Prudent, in Britiſh flame moſt fiercely glow'd; for ſince I wrote the poem, I am inform'd it was l'Prudent they burnt that night, and not l'Entreprenant.

In the reference of page 46, concerning Neſtor's advice, read glory of the deed.